



THE

# Tatler

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The American's London

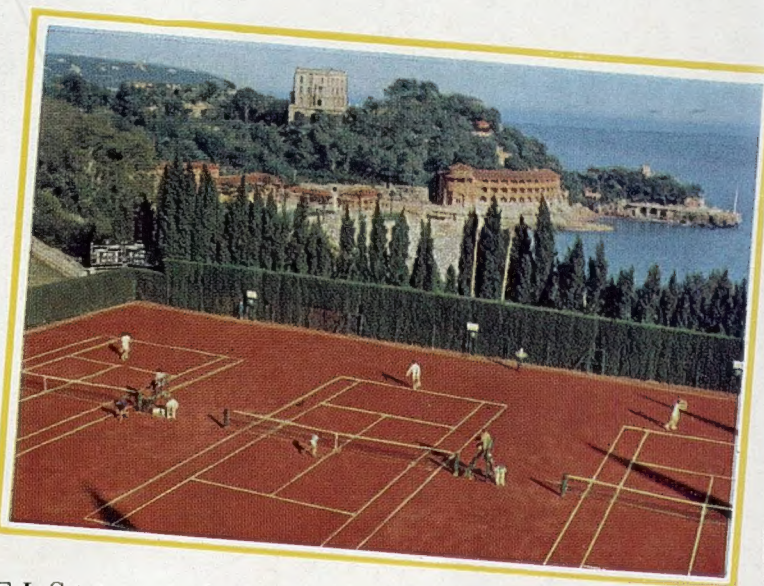




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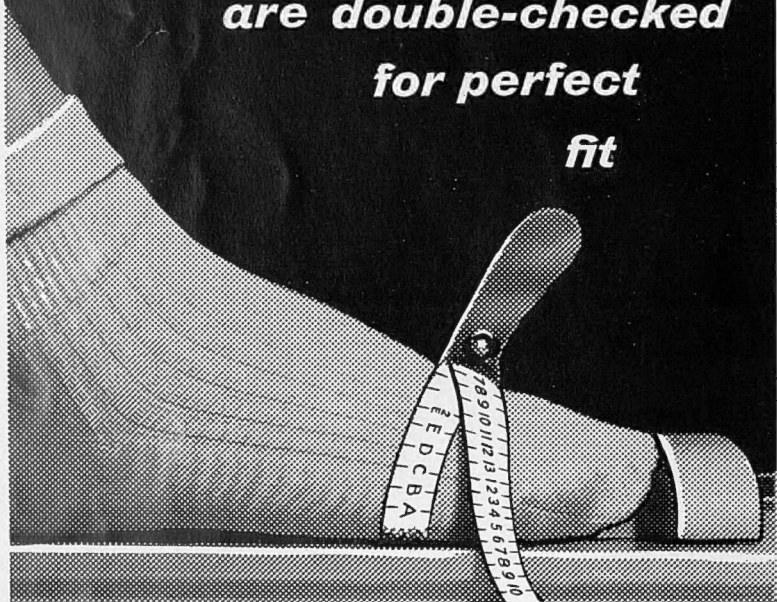
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## GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

THERE ARE three good reasons for this week's COVER FEATURE, which begins on page 181. First, the American colony in London is constantly growing. Second, few Londoners know anything much about it. And third, this issue of The TATLER is the British "Magazine of the Month" in New York, which means that it will be seen by many American readers. They are likely to be as intrigued as you will be by the photographs of some of the people and some of the places of *The American's London*. . . . The same goes for Emily Hahn's *Without Portfolio* (page 188), an amusing recollection of her sort-of G.I.-bride situation in reverse. . . . A guide little consulted by either Britons or Americans is explored by Charles Graves in *By Appointment*, an account of the Royal Warrant holders (page 194).

On the social side, Muriel Bowen is back with an account of whom she met and where she went in *The Bahamas* (page 197), and there are photographs of the stirring ball that Viscount & Viscountess Cowdray gave at Cowdray Park (page 196). Further social pictures appear on pages 189, 190, and 199. There is also a social touch to this week's fashion section (pages 201-7), in which some of our elegant American residents let on about the clothes they buy.

Next week: Spring comes knocking. . . .

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET  
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**SPORT** Rugby: Wales v. Scotland, Cardiff, 6 February. England v. Ireland, Twickenham, 13 February. Ladies Hockey: North v. Midlands, Birkdale, 4 February. East v. West, Cambridge, 6 February. North v. South, Brooklands, 8 February. Coursing: Waterloo Cup, Altcar, 10-12 February.

**MUSICAL** Covent Garden Opera. *Lucia di Lammermoor* (with Joan Sutherland), 7.30 p.m., 5 February. (cov 1066.) The Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Petrushka*, *Les Rendezvous* (first performances this season), and *Pineapple Poll*, 7.30 p.m., 11 February. (cov 1066.) Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Moon & Sappho* (first performance this season), 7.30 p.m., 10 February. (TER 1672/3.) Royal Festival Hall. *The Spinning Room* (Kodaly), first public performance in England. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, conductor Nicolai Malko, 8 p.m. tonight. (WAT 3191.)

**ART** Royal Academy Winter Exhibition: "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 6 March. Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St., W.1. Paintings by Richard Lonsdale-Hands. 9-22 February.

**EXHIBITIONS** Cruft's Dog Show, Olympia. 5 & 6 February. National Nylon Fair, Royal Albert Hall. 8-12 February. Furniture Exhibition, Earls Court. To 6 February.

**FIRST NIGHTS** Palace Theatre. *Les Ballets Africains*. 8 February. Lyric, Hammersmith. *Night Life Of A Virile Potato*. 8 February. Old Vic. *Saint Joan*. 9 February. St. Martin's Theatre. *Double York*. 10 February.

**SOCIAL EVENTS** The Highland Ball, Claridge's, 5 February. Tickets £3 from Mr. A. Maitland, 112 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. The Opera Ball, the Dorchester, 11 February. Tickets £3 3s. from Mr. Basil Douglas, 18 Hanover St., W.1. (MAY 5091.)

**HUNT BALLS** Bicester & Warden Hill (Kirtlington Park), 5 February; Old Berks (Pusey House, near Faringdon), Vine (Corn Exchange, Newbury), Romney Marsh (Queen's Hotel, Hastings), Royal Agricultural College Beagles (Bingham Hall, Cirencester), 12 February; Warwickshire (Shire Hall, Warwick), 19 February.

**PRaised PLAYS** From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 210.

**A Clean Kill.** "... uncommonly good murder mystery ... the author is extremely adroit ... exactly the right pace." Peter Copley, Hugh Latimer, Rachel Roberts, Helen Christie (Criterion Theatre, WHI 3216).

**The Amorous Prawn.** "... a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing ... the leading parts are charmingly played." Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald, Stanley Baxter, Hugh McDermott (Saville Theatre, TEM 4011).



**FANCIED FILMS** From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 211

G.R. = General release

**Pillow Talk.** "... a sophisticated, witty and well-written film ... series of lively slanging matches ... it is all good fun." Rock Hudson, Doris Day, Tony Randall, Thelma Ritter (Odeon, Marble Arch, PAD 8011).

**The Horse Soldiers.** "... an action picture sweepingly directed by Mr. John Ford." John Wayne, William Holden, Constance Towers. G.R.



GOING PLACES *continued*

## Magical Hydra

by DOONE BEAL



IT WAS MID-DECEMBER. WARM enough to swim. A day of miraculous, translucent blueness. We came ashore at Hydra in water so still that the fish-tail wake of the boat was the only mark on it. This Aegean island, meeting place of the primitive and the sophisticated, has become a minor phenomenon, and I had come to see why.

The vigour of the harbourside activity, carried on in total unawareness of the visiting public, gave the lie to any idea of its being merely a resort. Yet, in the season, it is the venue of knowing artists, writers, sailors and even a few quiet industrialists, who spill over from its one tiny (10s. a night) hotel to occupy every bed available in the island's cottages. Last year, Robin Douglas-Home, Peter Ustinov and Henry Fonda were there. Hydra, you will gather, is a Chelsea-type island. "It is quite unlike any of the others," friends in Athens told me. "Either you'll

be smitten by it, or wonder what all the fuss is about."

I was smitten—lost from the first moment I saw the extraordinary amphitheatre of its tall, solid houses, some of them climbing six storeys from the harbourside. They are all white, pale blue or violent terra-cotta, set against the stark grey hillside. Cypresses in a coronet surrounding a white hilltop monastery are the only trees in sight.

Hydra is lit only by oil lamps. There is nothing on wheels. Social life revolves around Baby's Bar, otherwise known as Lagoudera Marine Club. "Baby" (he says his name is unpronounceable) looks like Yul Brynner. He knows everybody on the island, is its telephone, post box and sounding board. Also, its most excellent host. In his top-floor room, one dines in an ambience that is barefoot and bearded. Or alternatively you can eat next door, at a café where the cooking range stands in the open doorway and you choose what you want to eat from the cauldrons, the frying pans or the grill. It was here, watching the landed fish still flapping in the nets and the laden donkeys ambling past, that I had one of the most poetic meals—octopus, fried sardines, salty feta cheese—that I can remember in quite a while.

But I have told you only of Hydra's immediate appeal, part of which is the fact that it is intensely Greek. Although technically it was once part of the Ottoman Empire, it is the only Greek island never to have been occupied by a foreign power. Such was the Turks' respect for it as a fortress, as also for its seamen, that they never interfered with the considerable maritime activity, piratical or otherwise, through which it prospered in the last century. By way of tax, they paid it the compliment of demanding 150 Hydriot sailors a year to

help sail their own fleet. During the Napoleonic Wars, Hydriot sailors ran Nelson's blockade in order to supply Spain with Russian wheat, and returned to their island loaded with precious cargo of gold florins and silver talents. It thus became extremely wealthy, and it was the families of the island who sacrificed vast fortunes in order to equip a fleet and help finance the successful Greek war of independence in 1821.

The islanders have retained a certain benevolent but stalwart independence. The great houses of the old families stand majestically round the hillsides, and one can contrive to see them at certain times.

The tall white rooms, flag-floored, are still lit only by lamps, and contain impressive remnants of their former treasures—tapestries, marvellous old leather chests, gold ornaments; some old Russian silver and glass; private chapels rich with ikons (and in one house a fascinating cavalcade of signed photographs from some of Europe's no longer crowned heads). On the white-washed terraces, among the geraniums, are polished black cannon overlooking the mainland from which the original inhabitants once fled the Turks. So steeped was I in this atmosphere that I was a little startled when my companion said to me: "This is why the English are so fond of Hydra, no?"

In the town as well, the Church of the Dormition of the Virgin, all scented with fresh gardenias, is one of the richest and most golden I have ever seen. It changed sex from convent to monastery in the 18th century and the cloisters now house the municipal offices—not that you would know it unless you were told.

Don't expect to wear anything more elaborate than shorts and shirt; nor to find anywhere to get your hair done; nor anything to

buy, apart from local handera and sponges. And I doubt whether there is a bath in the entire island. I could hardly bear to leave it, but I hope I have said enough to lure potential addicts and discourage those who might wonder "what all the fuss is about."

Hydra is three and a half hours away from Piraeus, on a route that includes Poros island and, as its terminus, Spetsai. One can take the ferry from here and return overland via Mycenae and Epidaurus to Athens. To hire rooms or book at the hotel, write to the Tourist Committee, Hydra, Greece.



## Dining out

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S.=Closed Sundays.

W.B.=Wise to book a table.

**Grosvenor House**, Park Lane, W.1 (GRO 6363.) Restaurant open on Sundays. In the grillroom I ate one of the memorable meals of 1959—*Soufflé Grosvenor*, a cheese soufflé topped with a poached egg; a plank sole, stuffed with mushrooms and truffles, baked on a plank of wood, and served with a wonderful sauce; and



Anthony Rawlinson  
**Miss Penelope Byng Noel to Mr. Anthony Henry John Rawlinson.** She is the daughter of Capt. G. J. B. Noel, R.N., & Mrs. Noel, of Haslemere, Surrey. He is the son of Sir Frederick Rawlinson, Bt., & Lady Rawlinson, of Heydon Hall, Norwich



Lenare  
**Miss Annabel Ley to Mr. David Stapleton.** She is the daughter of Sir Gerald Ley, Bt., and of Rosemary Lady Ley, of Child Horshorne. He is the son of the late Mr. E. E. Stapleton, and of Mrs. Stapleton, of Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin



Vandy  
**Miss Anne Weld-Blundell to Mr. Thomas de Pentheny-O'Kelly.** She is the daughter of Mr. J. Weld-Blundell, and the late Mrs. Weld-Blundell, of Birkdale. He is son of the late Lt.-Col. E. J. de Pentheny-O'Kelly, and of Mrs. de Pentheny-O'Kelly

## ENGAGEMENTS



a fresh peach, *flambée* in cream and absinthe. We drank with it a 1953 Corton Charlemagne. It is not surprising to find such outstanding cooking, for the *chef des cuisines* is Rene Lebegue. Like John Piazzoni, the grillroom manager, he is internationally famous. The newly-decorated restaurant, with its ivory silk damask walls and spaciousness, gives one an impression of being aboard a luxury liner in a smooth sea. There is dancing there to Sydney Lipton and his orchestra except on Sundays. *W.B.*

**L'Arc en Ciel**, 21 Bute Street, off Harrington Road, S. Kensington. C.S. (KNI 8748.) This is the type of small restaurant you can find much more easily in Paris than in London, with a hard core of "regulars" who know the excellence of its cooking. The *patron* serves you himself. The cooking is Franco-Italian, with a touch of Greek, and the omelette and *tournedo maison* are outstanding. Unlicensed, but a good "sending out" list, including an interesting dry white wine, a 1952 Steinwein from Chile. *W.B.*

**Pastoria Hotel Restaurant**, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2 (WHI 8641.) C.S. Adrian Pastori, like his father before him, regards cooking as an art. On Thursdays what I believe is the best steak-and-kidney pudding in London is on the menu. Other outstanding specialities include an extremely good *sole maison*. **Sorrento**, Old Compton Street. (GER 158.) Small, but adequate space between tables. Good Mediterranean cooking, but not for impatient clock-watchers. The quality of the food is outstanding. Well known to a number of discerning M.P.s. Not expensive.

**La Belle Meuniere**, 5 Charlotte Street. (MAY 4975.) C.S. Mario and Gaspar are master-craftsmen working with first-class materials. Wisely they do not worry about an

over-elaborate décor, but plenty about their admirable food and wines. A lot of very pleasant people are obviously aware of this fact. Not cheap but excellent value. *W.B.*

**The Lowndes**, 9 William Street—between Knightsbridge and Lowndes Square. (SLO 3280.) This restaurant, which seats 50-odd, has an established reputation for its *pâté*, soups, and honest, good English cooking. *W.B.* lunch.

**Marynka**, 232 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 6753.) This is an unusually small restaurant but with first-class cooking, pleasantly got up, and charming service. *W.B.*

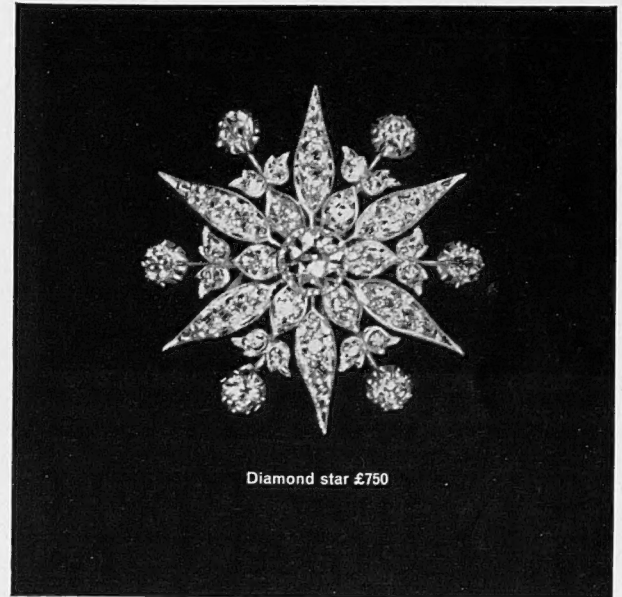
**Chez Solange**, 35 Cranbourn Street. C.S. (TEM 0542.) Rene Rochan, who does quite a lot of his own cooking, comes from Montargis, near Orleans, and his wife Therese from the edge of the "Pays de Bresse". The combination ensures admirable cooking, including a *terraine maison*, an extremely special chicken dish. Their other, and original, establishment of the same name—which is that of their daughter—is in the **White House**, Albany Street (EUS 1200, Ext. 14.) C.S. The food there is just as good. *W.B.* both.

#### Worth the drive

**Restaurant Mascotte**, 29 Preston Street, Brighton. (Brighton 21775.) Closed Mondays. I do not find it a labour to travel the 160 miles to and from my house to have a meal at the Mascotte. The cooking is expensive but excellent, and supported by a first-class wine list. In décor it is original—Victorian and delightful. The manager, Col. E. Swiecicki, a charming host, has a first-class chef, Paul Kaczmarek, and staff. Incidentally, no one interested in good cooking should go to Brighton without visiting the shop called "Country Style" in Ship Street. *W.B.*

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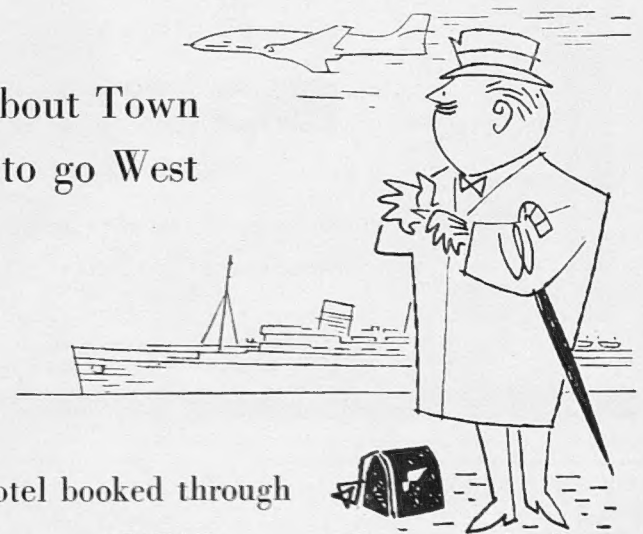
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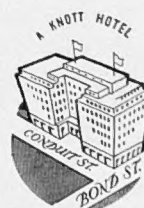
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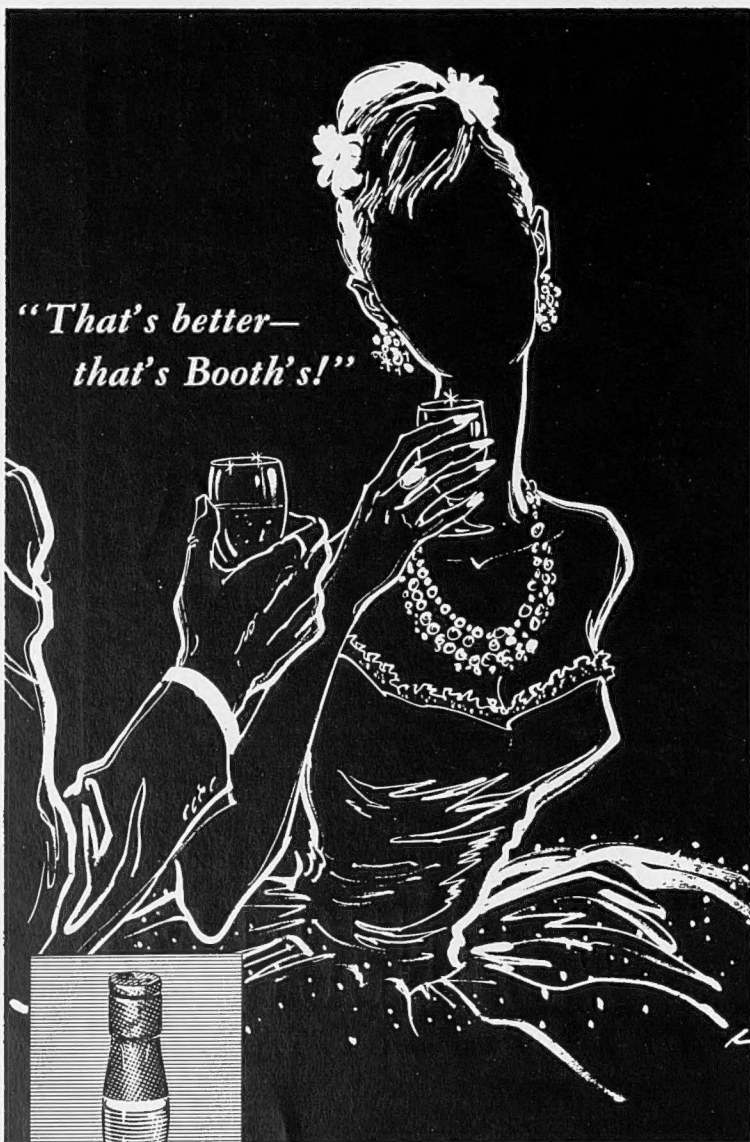
**Miss Lucinda Burn to Mr. David Gilbert.** She is the daughter of the late Maj. & Mrs. Stanford Burn, and niece of Mrs. Gordon Findlay, of Spofforth, Yorks. He is the son of Mr. Charles Gilbert, O.B.E., M.C., & Mrs. Gilbert, of Bermuda, W.I.



Fayer

**Miss Tania Eustace-Smith to Mr. Mark Allsopp.** She is the daughter of the late Mr. J. Eustace-Smith, and of Mrs. Eustace-Smith, of Thrunton, Northumberland. He is the son of the late Capt. J. R. Allsopp, & of Mrs. O. Van Oss, of Eton College





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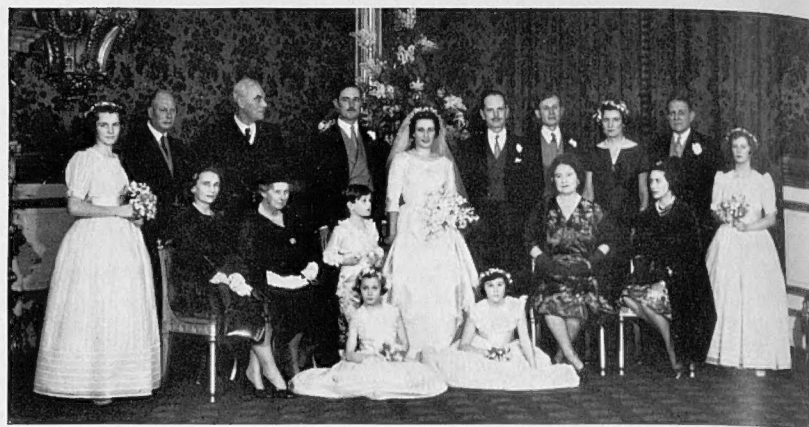
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**Bowes Lyon—Dalrymple:** Davina, daughter of the Hon. Sir David & Lady Bowes Lyon, married Viscount Dalrymple, son of the Earl & Countess of Stair, at St. James's, Piccadilly. *Front row, from left:* The Duchess of Gloucester, the Countess of Stair, Hamish Leng, Lucinda Buxton, Virginia Astor, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret. *Back row, from left:* Louise Philipps, the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Stair, the bride and bridegroom, the Earl of Leicester, Mr. Simon Bowes Lyon, Lady Bowes Lyon, Sir David Bowes Lyon, Caroline Dalrymple



**Farrant—Farrow:** Diana, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. R. E. Farrant, of Chipstead, Surrey, married Capt. John Farrow, Royal Horse Artillery, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. G. M. Farrow, of Kessingland, at St. Margaret's, Chipstead



**Mostyn—Griffith:** Joanna, younger daughter of the late Sir Basil Mostyn, Bt., & of Mrs. Mostyn, of London Place, Oxford, married Hugh E. Sarny, son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Griffith, of Chacacayo, Peru, at St. Aloysius, Oxford

## WEDDINGS



**Lyle—Maude-Roxby:** Rosemary Jane, elder daughter of Sir Ian & Lady Lyle, married Roderick Andomar, second son of the Rev. J. H. & Mrs. Maude-Roxby, Midelney Place, near Langport, at St. Michael's, Chester Sq., S.W.1



**Clark-Hall—Kemp:** Serena Jane, daughter of Mr. Michael Clark-Hall, and of Mrs. George Trotter, of Chirnside, Berwickshire, married the Hon. St. John Kemp, only son of Lord & Lady Rochdale, at Christ Church, Duns



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3 FEBRUARY 1960



David Olins



# The American's London



PHOTOGRAPHS: DON JARVIS

Here's a view that the Leica girl on the cover isn't likely to find reflected in her 85-mm. Nikon lens.\* It's winter-time Grosvenor Square as only the American Ambassador will see it—from his office window in the new block, still a building (top), that occupies the whole west side. The square, with its F.D.R. statue, its parking meters, and the Connaught just round the corner, has long become a transatlantic enclave in Mayfair. And the natives can forget about regaining a foothold. For when the Americans move out of their old embassy on the east side, the Canadians are moving right in. \*£160 complete from Pelling & Cross, 104 Baker Street

What with NATO and all that, the wartime invasion has never subsided. The difference is that today's G.I.s (strictly aviators) are only a part of it. There is also the cataract of tourists in quest of animated history, the intellectuals who prefer the climate (mental, not meteorological), businessmen who've figured the score, and others influenced perhaps by the unmistakable American vogue for things British. Some of the people and some of the places involved in this togetherness are here examined



He has the air of the man who knows his way around (especially to those who recognize the Garrick Club), and so he should. This is Drew Middleton (*left*), bureau chief of the *New York Times* in London since 1953. Besides, his wife is English, most of his friends are British (he doesn't believe in an American clique in London), and what could be more British than his club? He finds England "one helluva story from the diplomatic and political correspondent's point of view" and he likes the tempo of life. As for the inhabitants, he was moved to write a successful book *The British* to show that they are not nearly so quaint and old-fashioned as many Americans think





# The American's London *continued*



She's come to greet clients off B.O.A.C.'s Comet from New York, and she's got a service flat fixed for one couple, a deer-stalking trip for a second, and a stay at a stately home for a third. Mrs. Florence Geddes, originally from Colorado, has lived here nearly 20 years. Twelve months ago she launched her own service, Americans Abroad Ltd., to show her compatriots the best of Britain. They get a good start at her Sackville Street offices; downstairs is a tailor's, where the Prime Minister sometimes attends for a fitting. A woman of parts, Mrs. Geddes once had a novel published—about an Englishman who married an American



They have to go to school while their parents are over here and where's the fun in shuttling between educational systems? Hence the American School in London, housed in Gloucester Gate (one of the beloved Nash Terraces). The curriculum is the same as in the States, and the classes are co-educational. As might be expected, the whole thing was started as a private enterprise, but as recently as 1951. The headmaster, Stephen L. Eckard, has a portrait of Washington over his desk, but he emphasizes that the school does not exist to isolate American children. American parents often had difficulty in placing their children in English private schools, which tend to be booked up





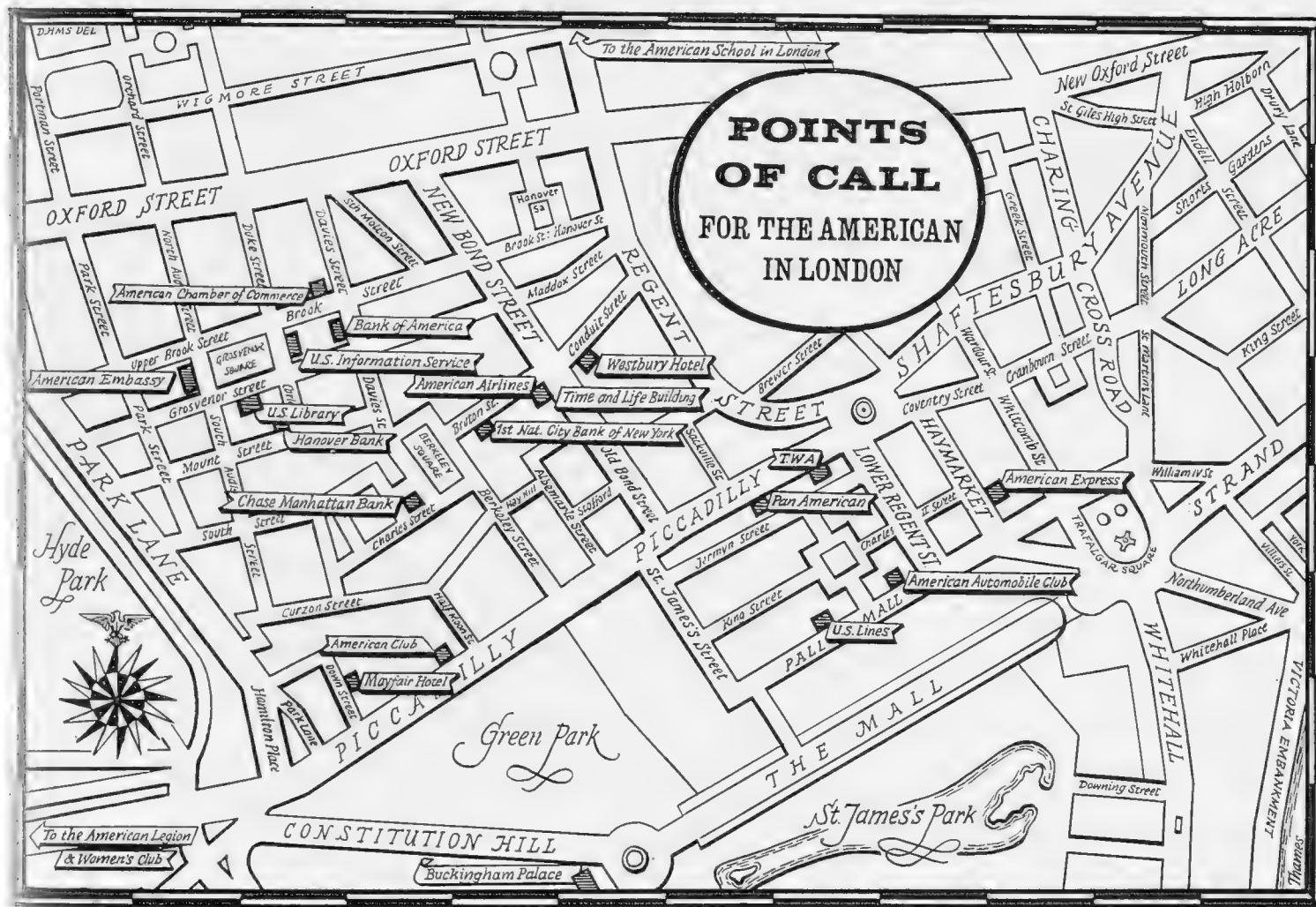


# The American's London

continued



Unerringly picking the right topic to attract British interest, Time-Life Inc. put this Weather Window in their handsome offices in Bond Street. It now has a regular following



London's newest luxury hotel (1955), the compact Westbury is one of the Knott chain. It has murals like its namesake's in New York, TV in every room, and a 49 per cent U.S. clientele

The business community finds a representative in Sam Eckman jnr., seen at his Berkeley Street office where he acts for important American interests. He sits on many film boards and was chairman of M.G.M. over here before he left the company, after 30 years, in 1957. He is also chairman of the American Society, a dining club that meets at The Dorchester to celebrate the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day. Most of the guests are British—Lord Mountbatten was guest of honour last time. Mr. Eckman, though still an American citizen, no longer has an American vote. But to make up for it he has the English climate—he really likes it







Once a business consultant and lawyer, Professor Bertram Crane has been head of education for the U.S. Air Force at Ruislip since 1956. He was glad to come because, an Oxford man himself, he admires the British public schools and wanted his own children educated here. His son Myles (17) is at Rossall, his daughter Rhonda (12) at Malvern Girls'. Photographed *en famille* at his Kensington home



Sir Winston's mother, Lady Randolph Churchill (herself American), founded the American Women's Club in 1899. It still goes strong, at 1a Queen's Gate, raising money for charities and providing opportunities for bridge. The director is Mrs. Michael Brown (*standing*), who is married to an English company director. She still misses the climate of her own California

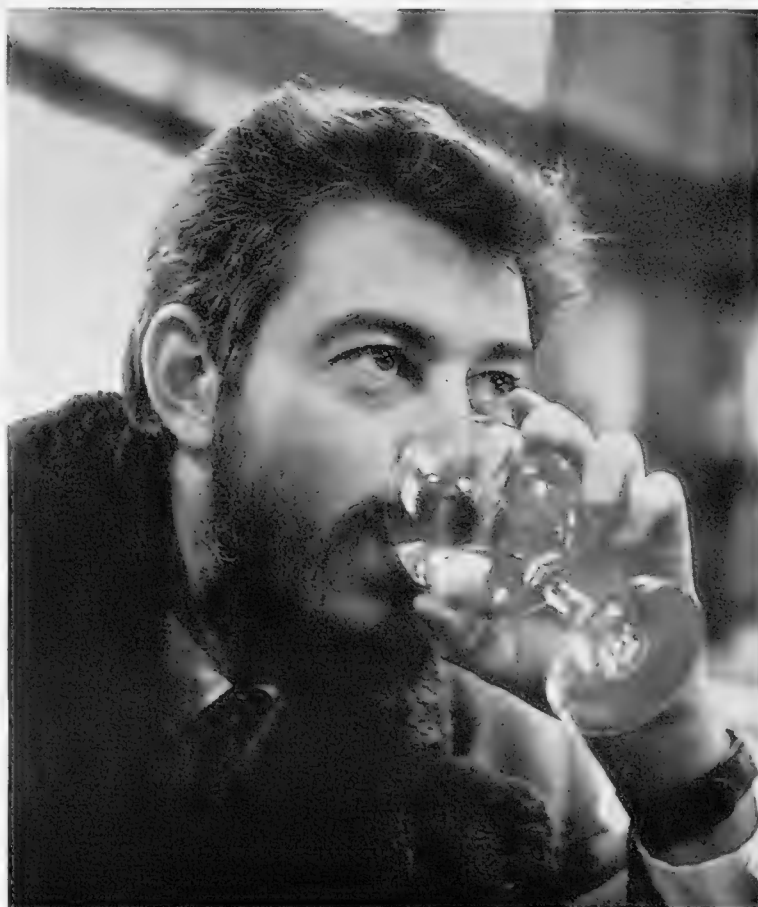




quite a second-generation expatriate, Beecher Moore came over aged with his father, who started Moore's Modern Methods Ltd. here. Moore has lived here ever since, but often visits the States and went Harvard. He likes and has prospered in the calmer business atmosphere. One of his many ventures is a restaurant at No. 4 Beauchamp Place (that's the name), commended by The TATLER's John Baker White

## The American's London concluded

Raised in the Bronx, photographed in Soho, J. P. (Mike) Donleavy personifies the expatriate artist. His novel *The Ginger Man* was turned into a play that received appreciative notices when it was presented at the Fortune last autumn, and he has a new play *Fairy Tales of New York* coming up. He prefers to live in London: "There's a greater chance of survival here . . . less chance of being shot in the street"





IT SEEMS A LONG TIME AGO. Come to think of it, it was a long time ago, that year I first arrived in England as a married woman. It is a mistake to do what I did—I don't mean in marrying an Englishman, certainly not, but in starting out to do what is gloomily known as *Settle Down*, at that particular time of year. If you are going to live in England my advice is to start doing it in the spring or summer, not in the autumn when the winter solstice is approaching. A good steady intelligent look at the atlas will explain what I mean even to the most optimistic American girl. Britain is indubitably a northern country. I am not being so hackneyed as to complain about the cold. It's not as cold as people say out of doors—though you can believe everything you hear about the temperature *inside* the house. No, I'm referring to another northern phenomenon; the darkness that creeps up on you from both ends of the day, closer and closer as the 21st of December approaches, but somehow does not ebb with the same eagerness after the mystic date has passed. There is something about the dark morning and dark afternoon that depresses an American. I knew about this before I married, having visited England, but it all seemed intensified once I'd taken the irrevocable step and adopted the country, climate, low-lying sun and all.

World War II had just come to an end and Britain was entering the Austerity Era. (Ask your Mum about gift-parcels, clothes coupons and all that.) Generally speaking, Americans were no longer the novelty they had been in prewar days, not even down our way, because our village had been occupied by them. It was now sadly short of young women. The girls had married the invaders and crossed the sea, passing me, no doubt, right in the middle of the Atlantic. All very natural, one might think, but it had the effect of turning the village lads against me, of all people. I suppose I had expected to find a certain resentment when I arrived, because America and Britain were allies in the war and that is how allies do feel about each other. What I hadn't apprehended was this particular hostility, and I didn't understand it until the cook spoke to me of a young kinswoman who had married one of our boys and sailed away. She sounded defensive as she said:

"They do say as he's a *good* American—one of they good ones."

When questioned further, she explained that she meant he evidently actually possessed the worldly goods he had claimed to own. Unlike many of her friends who had done the same thing, the niece had not been disillusioned. After that I understood better why I was getting dark looks from the young men of the village.

As I remember, this slight breeze of ill

will did not persist very long, but the gentry were not quite so quick to forgive me. Several years passed before people at cocktail parties no longer blamed me for the sins of all my compatriots. They seemed to hold me responsible for everything any American did. A lady regaling a party with a story of some female friend's broken marriage would suddenly turn to me and say in reproachful tones: "And it was one of your countrywomen he ran away with, too."

There is no way to reply to this sort of thing except to mutter sheepishly, "I'm awfully sorry about that," and try not to look smug. I didn't mind too much, but I'll tell you what I did get tired of—defending Washington. No matter what the American Government did, I got it in the neck. This was hard, I felt, not only because I knew nothing about international politics and finance and economics and such things, but because quite often when I did have an inkling of what Washington was doing, I didn't like it either. Still, I had to defend

## Without Portfolio

BY EMILY HAHN

it, no matter what it was. It's quite a burden representing a whole country all by yourself. Without portfolio, at that.

What made it more intense was that only two American women had been left out our way by the backwash of war, me and another unsung heroine who lived 20 miles away. I never met that woman, but we had a bond between us. We shared a sort of scarcity value in the community.

"American, aren't you?" a man in a shop would say. "Do you know there's another one living in this part of the country?"

Sometimes, while battling in the usual way at a cocktail party, I would think longingly about that woman and wonder if I shouldn't go to see her and drag her into the fray, too. But I never did it. The enemy would have sneered. No, I would fight it out alone. In any case there were compensations in being a lonely figure. People got to know you. It gave me a warm, cosy feeling when the night operator at the telephone exchange never bothered to ask me who I was. He knew who I was: he didn't have to ask. He even kept tabs on me: if I was at another house for dinner,

perhaps, and had occasion to use the telephone, he would ask: "And what are *you* doing over there?"

In many ways it was a good racket, being a foreigner. You could get away with murder because people didn't expect it of you to behave properly: they knew you knew no better, and made allowances. Then there was that awful English thing about accents. I didn't have to worry about my speech being U or non-U. Obviously it couldn't possibly be either one.

The immunity to criticism went even beyond all this, in the matter of my cigar-smoking. As it happens, I smoke cigars. I learnt long ago, in my own country, to ignore the small vexations and penalties that accompany this somewhat unusual but surely harmless taste in a woman. I don't mind any more, I hardly notice, when people stare at me, and I can even bear somebody asking, as somebody invariably does: "Do you really like doing that?" My husband's used to it, too, so he forgot to be on guard the first time he went into the local tobacconist's shop to buy cigars for me. When the attendant asked him if a certain brand would suit, my husband said absently: "I don't know; I don't smoke them myself. They're for my wife."

He saw the man stiffen in shock, and hastily added: "She's an American." Upon which the tobacconist relaxed and said, "Just so, sir."

Yes, it was convenient in many ways, being American and a stranger.

Then time marched on, and I got used to England, and England got used to me. I still had occasional reminders of old wounds, but that was to be expected. There was a moment of truth the day my small daughter came home from school, marched into my room, stared at me as if she'd never seen me before, and suddenly said in accusing tones: "You're American, aren't you?"

I admitted the impeachment, and she went on relentlessly: "And you talk American, don't you?"

I reacted to this with heat: "Yes, I do, and so I should. I always will talk American, so there!"

We never had any more conversation on that subject. I don't know why I'm thinking about it now, unless it's that I was reminded of it by a distressing little circumstance the other day. I was in New York on a visit. I had been there for some time, and was beginning to look forward to getting home. You know how it is—you get tired of the hurry, hurry, hurry all the time, and the rich food. Such big helpings. . . . Well, I'd hailed this taxi, do you see, and I got in and told the driver the address. So help me, that's all I'd said. And he turned around and said to me:

"English, aren't you?"



# Soiree de la Rive Gauche

Balmain's Jolie Madame  
scent for the women, Gauloise  
cigarettes for the men, at Mr. & Mrs. Michael  
Lewis's Left Bank spree, third of a series which has already  
included Cockney and Wild West parties



Banister peep for Georgina and Victoria Lewis



Mrs. Joan Vaughan was met on her arrival by Suzanne Lewis and Charles Clifford-Turner, who handed her the scent and cigarettes. There was seafood at an oyster bar and a bistro with a lavish menu



Hostess Mrs. Michael Lewis wore the prescribed tenue de Montparnasse with a '90s flavour



The Hon. Jonathan and Mrs. Guinness. He is the eldest of Lord Moyne's family of eleven



Mr. Felix Fabian provided the Left Bank décor and came himself as Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec



Lord Valentine Thynne and Miss Arlene Butler



PHOTOGRAPHS: LEWIS MORLEY



*Mr. Michael Dormer, Leanda's father, collects paintings and works at the College of Arms*



*Prince Ajamat Guirey. His wife Sylvia gave birth to a daughter in London just over a fortnight ago*



*Mrs. Peter Black, Mrs. Dormer's half-sister, was one of baby Leanda's six godparents*

# LEANDA

daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Dormer, is christened at Brompton Oratory on her parents' first wedding anniversary



*Lady James Crichton-Stuart. Right: Leanda Xenia Sophia Stanhope Dormer arriving with her mother. Below: The Hon. Frances Phillimore*





# The sunshine snowball

*Muriel Bowen reports from the Bahamas*

**E**VERYBODY IS BUYING HOUSES IN the Bahamas and there's even a boom in building holiday resorts (complete with air strips) in some of the hitherto unproductive Out Islands. "The pace of development is snowballing all the time—especially this past year," the Governor, **Sir Raynor Arthur** told me when I lunched with him and Lady Arthur at Government House, Nassau.

The most distinguished of the new winter residents, **Viscount Kemsley**, has taken over **Lord Beaverbrook's** well appointed house in Nassau at a price to include everything—even the housekeeper! The Kemsleys are back in the Bahamas after a short visit to Boston (where **Lady Kemsley** had medical treatment) and enjoying the long sunny days in their lovely hillside garden with a succession of friends including **Sir Ulick & Lady Mary Alexander**.

**Viscount Astor's** new house at Lyford Cay on the tip of the island of New Providence is nearing completion and he will be there for ten days early next month. His near-neighbour is the **Earl of Dudley**, who arrived after Christmas for a stay of several months. Now that he's no longer a familiar figure at meetings of the Whaddon Chase he is spending more of the winter in the Bahamas.

Lyford Cay is the discovery of **Mr. Edward Plunket Taylor**, a Canadian businessman who has spent £3 million during the last few years turning 4,000 acres of scrub and jungle into the most exclusive resort in the Bahamas. There is a vast pink-and-

white pillared clubhouse modelled on a 17th-century Virginia mansion, a golf course, and a number of attractive residences.

I trailed round some of it after **Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis** (she is advising on the artistic side of the development) an elf-like figure in yellow silk beach pyjamas, matching bush shirt, and a boater of shining black straw. The golf course spread out before us, miraculously as green as the King's Course at Gleneagles. "Couldn't grow a blade of grass here without the right topsoil," said Lady Orr-Lewis, "We got it by dredging a lake with bulldozers. People came from far and wide—they'd never seen bulldozers before."

I liked the printed Italian chintz in the bedrooms—there are about 50 of them—and the thick carpets which she had made in Madrid by the former carpet-makers to the Spanish royal house. They are in a thick yellow weave bordered with hibiscus, bougainvillea and other Bahamian flowers.

Afterwards I went next door to the Little Golf Club, a great rendezvous for lunch. Eating in the courtyard, under the palms, I saw **Mme. Jean de la Breyere** who had Lady Oakes's second daughter, Shirley, with her. Others with parties were **Mrs. Robert Hall**, and **Mrs. Charles Munroe**, one of the leading hostesses in the islands. She entertains with flair at her charming house at Cable Beach, where she has a succession of international friends to stay right through the winter. Just now **The Hon. Reginald & Mrs. Winn** are with her, and the **Duke & Duchess of**

**Sutherland** may join her house party later.

The Duke and Duchess, like many visitors in Jamaica at present, have been finding the weather too hot—near the 90's most of the time. Because of this there has been an exodus from the West Indies to the north, especially the Bahamas. As **Sir Malcolm McAlpine** put it to me: "The Bahamas have the ideal climate, never too hot nor too cold. I've been coming here for ten years now, having tried out all the places in this part of the world." Sir Malcolm & Lady McAlpine's son Robin has bought an old Bahamian house with beautifully tiled floors at the edge of Nassau, near Government House. "As my husband has to go out four times a year on business he decided that it was time he had a house in Nassau," Mrs. McAlpine told me. She goes out on the 19th to supervise the furnishing and they hope to move in later this month.

## LIKE A PIECE OF CAKE

An interesting and amusing couple who've just come to winter in New Providence are **Mr. & Mrs. Richard Fairey** who have bought a long, low and picturesque pink house, perched like a slab of cake above chocolate-brown rocks. It is some miles out of Nassau on the road to Lyford Cay, but quite on its own. "Atalanta and I wanted it like that," Mr. Fairey told me. He added, with a neat shaft at the lush resorts of **Mr. E. P. Taylor**, **Mr. Huntington Hartford** and others:

*continued overleaf*

## BRIGGS by Graham



"After all, who wants to be just another tenant on a millionaire's council housing estate?"

Mrs. Fairey, one of the three daughters of the **Hon. Sir Bede & Lady Clifford**, has caused a mild sensation here by getting a swimming pool built in two weeks. "My father is responsible really," she told me. "He advised me how to get a quick job done—he knows everybody here." Sir Bede was Governor of the Bahamas before the war.

### SUSSEX FOR SIR RAYNOR

The present Governor, Sir Raynor Arthur, leaves next month at the end of his three-year term and will retire to a Georgian house which Lady Arthur has inherited at Warbush, Sussex. Lady Arthur has left her mark on the famous palm walk by replacing the dead palms. "I couldn't grow roses here, but at least I've done something about the palms!" she said to me. "The marvellous thing about palm trees is that you can transplant them even when they're twenty feet high." The Government House gardens are the handsomest I have seen. Beautifully terraced with a profusion of flowering shrubs and a pretty rock pond, they are largely the result of prison labour during the Duke of Windsor's wartime Governorship. Before they leave, Sir Raynor and his wife are having a number of friends and relatives to stay. Their daughter, Caroline, who recently came down from Oxford with a degree in history, is with them at present; also Lady Arthur's mother, **Lady Spring Rice**.

Sir Raynor leaves the islands at a time when they are more prosperous than ever before but it must have been a trying three years for him. Only two years ago the Bahamian finances were endangered by a strike of taxi-drivers and hotel workers. And because he has called for firm action at times, crowds of booers have greeted his arrival to open sessions of the Legislature. The booers were conducted by one of the Legislature members leaning out of an upstairs window.

Today industry is buoyant, especially the shops and the hotels, and employment is constant. If the benefits accrued at the top can be made to filter down faster to provide better housing and a decent health and hospital service, the Bahamas will be a happy

place indeed—and by its proximity to the United States (only 55 miles from Florida) will do much to scotch American criticism of British colonialism.

### PRESS-BUTTON GARDEN

**Sir Roland Robinson, M.P.** & Lady Robinson were at their dream house, where Sir Roland's hobby is trying out new lighting effects. Depending on which button he presses, he can spotlight or floodlight the tropical blossoms in the garden. The Robinsons' daughter Loretta is away studying zoology and marine biology at the University of Miami, but they have a number of friends coming and going—the **Earl of Munster** and his niece Miss **Mary Birkbeck**, Mr. & Mrs. **Cyril Miller**, and Mr. & Mrs. **Fred Parker**.

**Lord & Lady Iliffe**, both looking remarkably fit, are at their house near Nassau. With the quick linking of air services round this part of the world now, it is possible to hop from one group of islands to another in a matter of an hour or two. More visitors, and having a brief one-day stop, were Mr. **Mark Goulden**, the publisher, and his wife. It was his 26th trip to New York, but his first by "the sunshine route."

Mr. & Mrs. **Arpad Plesch** have rented Mr. & Mrs. David Brown's house for two months and arrived two days before Christmas. Afterwards they will go on to Rome, meeting her daughter **Countess "Bunny" Esterhazy en route**. She's at present skiing at Gstaad.

### TWELVE HOURS BY JET

Americans still make up 90 per cent of the tourist trade, but the British contingent may soon whittle down this figure now that B.O.A.C. has extended its London—New York Comet service to Nassau. From now on you can fly from the inky greyness of a London winter to the benevolent sunshine of the Bahamas in little over 12 hours.

Virtually all the British visitors I met own their own houses. Others stay with or rent from friends. I'm not surprised! For a holiday resort as famous as Nassau the leading hotels and residential clubs—I visited five of them—are below par. For £10

a day (bed, breakfast and lunch) you get an off-hand reception from the white staff in the reception office (the native Bahamians are courteous and helpful), a room lacking solid comfort, food lacking in cleanliness, and bath towels holed and threadbare. It is all much inferior to the United States, and everywhere more expensive.

But the Bahamas have a rare sort of charm. The sand is soft as talcum, and beneath the blue-green sea are tropical gardens which can be viewed from glass-bottomed boats. Bahamian musicians are extremely good and—for those who like that sort of thing—the night spots are hot, much hotter than Miami. In the cool of the evening you can sip your drinks out of scooped-out pineapples or coconuts. There is also music and dancing in a cave which the hand of man has made to look like a pirate's den.

These are the delights of the Bahamas. But if a regular clientele is to be built up—and that, after all, is the charm of the Riviera and Newport (Rhode Island)—I emphasize that the hotels will need to be run by hoteliers who know their job.

### TRANSATLANTIC TAILPIECE

Back in New York I found the B.O.A.C. lounge at Idlewild a sort of home from home with so many people going or coming from Bermuda, the Bahamas, or the West Indies. **Major John & Lady Ursula Abbey** are entertaining at their new house in Jamaica for which they shipped out the furniture from here. Also in Jamaica, on honeymoon, are **Lord & Lady Masham**. They return in April to move into a new house being built for them on his grandfather's estate in Yorkshire.

But not everybody was sunshine-minded. Across the aisle from me in the B.O.A.C. Britannia sat Mr. **Roy Thomson**, new owner of the *Sunday Times*. His interests span two continents but he told me that his newest home, to which he was returning, was in Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

We touched down late at London Airport because of what was described to me as a "heavy gale" over the Atlantic. I can't say I noticed it as I slept soundly for 8½ hours. Britannias may not be as fashionable to travel in as jets, but I like them. They're remarkably steady.



# Black bird Ballet at a children's party

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



Party faces: Jasper Guinness, Anna Phillips, Alexander Muir, Charles Brand, Dermot Jenkinson &amp; Arabella Bailey



Ime. Ngo Dinh Luyen, wife of the Vietnamese Ambassador, arriving with her children, buys programme from helper Mrs. David Donne

ELISABETH CAMPION reports: Not four-and-twenty but a fair-sized flock of tiny blackbirds (dancing pupils of Miss Betty Vacani) pirouetted in a ballet at the Savoy children's party to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Miss Vacani herself (she taught dancing to the Queen and Princess Margaret, now teaches Princess Anne) was on hand to encourage. Keenest spectators were the six enchanting little daughters of the Vietnamese Ambassador. They joined Mrs. George Economou's party and even she wasn't sure of all their names. No wonder. Ngoc-Anh, Chau-Lan, Anh-Mai, Mai-Chi, Van-Yen and Minh-Chieu are a bit of a mouthful. There was candlelit tea, a film show, a conjuror, dancing, games, lucky dip—even a fishing game for fathers. Nine-year-old Princess Meriam of Johore joined in with gusto. I saw Lady Rosemary Muir heading for "Fairyland" with her small son Alexander, also Lady Mary Bailey and Arabella, the Hon. Mrs. Brand with Charles. Said Admiral Charles Ross, towed by his daughters Victoria (7) and Fiona (5): "Far more exhausting than any grown-up party"



Anthea Neal, five-year-old daughter of Mrs. Stewart Neal, joint chairman of the committee for the children's party

Below: Blackbird Ballet was danced by little girls in white



Miss Kathleen Namenji-Katz. Below: Mrs. Thomas Raymond-Barker helps daughter Simonetta with her ballet dress



# By Appointment

An account of the Royal Warrant Holders by CHARLES GRAVES

**T**he most enlightening shopping guide in London is certainly the least read. This is because it is published where hardly anybody would dream of looking for it and under a name that would put even Poirot off the scent. To track it down you have to go to Her Majesty's Stationery Office and ask for the sixth supplement to the *London Gazette* of 29 December last. In exchange for two shillings you will be put in possession of such information as that Prince Philip buys his toilet requisites from Charles Topper of Bond Street and Penhaligon's in Bury Street, uses Baker & Son for marine photographs, buys his shoes from Lobb, his ties from Hodgkinson, guns from James Purdey, and uses an electric razor.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, it is disclosed, uses Re-diffusion for her television programmes, buys her hats from Rita of Berkeley Square and Caleys in Windsor, uses Emile as her hairdresser, buys toys from the Chad Valley Company, orders flowers from Goodyears, with Madame Marcy as her corsetière. Altogether well over a hundred tradesmen enjoy her patronage.

The Queen buys her theatre tickets from Ashton & Mitchell, as do all other members of the Royal Family. (Most people imagine that visits by the Royal Family to a West End show cost them nothing, because of the tremendous publicity value. On the contrary. Except for Command performances all seats are paid for.) The Royal booksellers are Bumpus. Her tailors include Driscoll of Eastbourne. Magazines and newspapers are supplied by the firm of Jones, Yarrell & Co., of Bury Street, St. James's. Potter & Clarke of Barking are the Royal suppliers of nosegays. Mr. Rayne is the Royal shoemaker. John Rigby & Co. make her rifles. Hardy Amies and Norman Hartnell rank among her dressmakers. Kate Day is one of those who make her hats. For toys she patronizes Hamleys among others.

This shopping know-how is acquired because this particular *London Gazette* supplement presents the annual list of Royal Warrant Holders—all those shopkeepers, traders and artisans who are permitted to display a Royal coat-of-arms and the verbal cachet *By appointment*. To qualify for this privilege they must have provided certain designated members of the Royal Family with at least three years of faultless service. And to retain it they must comply with

stringent new regulations issued by the Lord Chamberlain's Office. These specify that the warrant can be cancelled if it can be shown that the holder has "initiated, or assisted in the composition of any press article, book, television or sound broadcast concerning H.M. The Queen, the Royal Family or the Royal appointment." So let me hastily say that I have not spoken to or communicated with any of the firms.

The warrant can also be cancelled for "misbehaviour" or the breach of any one of a whole series of rules, which apply particularly to newspaper advertising, showcards, vans, stationery, labels and even to wrapping-paper and the official history of a firm. In addition it can be lost if a firm changes hands, since the warrant is issued in the name of one member of the firm and is strictly personal to him. It becomes void on the death of the Sovereign or the grantee.

Altogether there are 17 different kinds of Royal Warrant. The three most important to the grantees are those of the Department of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, the Department of the Master of the Household and the Royal Mews Department. These are followed by different categories of Royal Warrants of appointment to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, King George VI, Queen Mary, King George V, Queen Alexandra and finally the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales. The vast majority are British. There is no longer an American warrant holder. There are at least two Canadians, four in the Irish Free State, a Maltese photographer, an Indian jeweller, a Nairobi outfitter, a Danish porcelain manufacturer and a Danish liqueur maker. In addition there are numbers of French champagne and cognac firms, but not a single German firm.

Other generalities are that a very high percentage of Royal Warrant Holders have their shops in London, though Windsor, King's Lynn and Ballater supply a goodly number. In Windsor, for example, there is Dyson & Sons Ltd., the Royal clockmakers and silversmiths, one of whose jobs is to keep the 360 clocks of Windsor Castle in order. I was once told (not by them) that the most difficult to wind is the 120-year-old clock in the quadrangle. It has to be wound up like a mangle and takes a good 20 minutes of hard work three times every week.

What good does the Royal Warrant do the Dyson family? One can only presume

that it is literally incalculable. There must be hundreds of visitors to Windsor, proud and anxious to buy watches, clocks and silverware from the man who supplies the Queen. The same must apply to the Darville family who have the Royal Warrant as grocers and provision merchants in Windsor. Up at Ballater it is safe to say that Mr. M. L. Ironside, the Royal chemist, George Smith & Co., the Royal sports outfitters, John Knowles & Sons, the Royal jewellers, and suppliers of fancy goods must benefit enormously from tourist and other overseas visitors. The same will apply to the Royal tradesmen of King's Lynn—such as Jermyn & Sons, the drapers and furnishers, Custance & Son, the tailors, and Gallyon & Sons, for years the Royal cartridge makers.

So much for the small firms. When it comes to the big ones, the benefit of the Royal Warrant must be equally incalculable, and the loss of it catastrophic. At the present moment Garrards the Crown Jewellers no longer have the Royal Warrant, because it was the subject of a recent take-over bid. Then, you may ask, why have Harrods still got one? I can only suggest, perhaps wrongly, that it was because Mr. Hugh Fraser, who now runs Harrods, was already a Royal Warrant Holder. Whereas Mr. Charles Clore was not.

Another aspect of the current Royal Warrant Holders is the ever-growing number concerned with chemical fertilizers, agricultural machinery and a host of other manufactures connected with farming. All are evidence of the determination of the Duke of Edinburgh to make the Royal Estates as efficient as humanly possible.

The Queen's well-known love of horses is also manifested by the number of firms concerned with the Royal sport—the purveyors of horse malt, forage, livery, saddles and harness, horse millinery, stable mats, whips and gloves, hoof-oil, animal medicines, racing colours and riding clothes. In fact there is scarcely a trade which is not included in the list of firms patronized by the Queen. And all guaranteed for quality and service.

For the Royal Warrant Holders Association, originally styled "The Association of Her Majesty's Tradesmen" 120 years ago, was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1907 to guard and uphold the high standard of suppliers to the Royal Family.





*The picture-lined Great Hall at Cowdray House was a ballroom for 500 guests*

## The Cowdray Hunt Ball

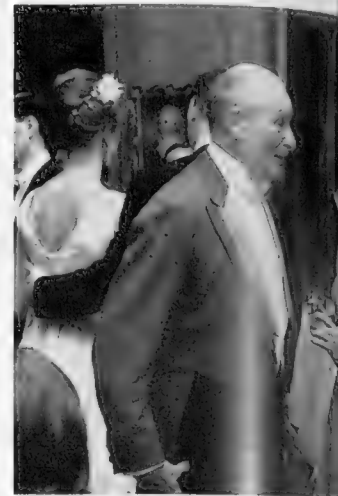
THE ANNUAL BALL HELD AT VISCOUNT COWDRAY'S SUSSEX HOME PHOTOGRAPHED BY VAN HALLAN (More pictures overleaf)

Right: Miss Ann Glyn and Mr. Hugh Reynolds watch the dancers from a gallery in the Great Hall

Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and Capt. A. J. Cubitt



Col. S. V. Kennedy, who organized the ball, and Mrs. J. H. Dundas



Miss Karen Hosp, Lieut.-Comdr. Derek Carnegie, Mr. Cob Stenham and Miss Allison Carrick

Right: Supper was served at small tables in a marquee specially decorated in green and white





*Mr. Richard Barlow, joint-Master of the Chiddingfold & Leconfield, and Mr. & Mrs. J. Stuart-Evans*



*Mr. Gerald Mordaunt and Miss Elizabeth Drew dancing a reel. Left: Lady Dering, her husband, Lt.-Col. Sir Rupert Dering, Bt., and Sir Geoffrey Todd, the Australian chest specialist*



## The Cowdray Hunt Ball

*continued*

*Below: Maj. Francis Blackett, joint-Master of the Cowdray, Lt.-Col. Jasper Boxer and Mrs. Blackett*



*Mr. & Mrs. F. L. Withers (he is a former acting-Master of the Cowdray) and Mr. Tommy Kinsman*



FOR THOSE ABOUT TO GO TO CRUFT'S

*Does your dog care about you?*

A QUIZ BY MARY MACPHERSON

How many people showing their dogs at Cruft's know what a dog thinks? How many of them wonder, as their faithful hound lumbers up with the wrong pair of slippers, what lurks behind that ingratiating smile, that sycophantic paw? What black rebellious thoughts does a dog cherish, as he fetches Lead for Walkies, balances a lump of sugar On Trust, or hangs about in the show-ring waiting for Master to take him home in a disappointed rage? Since the Quiz rules our life these days, here is one for dog-owners. As in every other quiz, cheating will get you exactly the result you wish.

1. *You have just come home from the office. Does your dog:*

- (a) Fall about in hysterical delight, tearing your coat in his excitement? (2)
- (b) Wave a gracious tail from your armchair? (1)
- (c) Slink off howling to hide under the bed? (3)

2. *Yesterday your dog found a dead mole in the garden. Has he:*

- (a) Buried it somewhere, throwing suspicious looks over his shoulder as he digs? (3)
- (b) Placed it lovingly in your underclothes drawer? (2)
- (c) Left it where it was—he doesn't particularly *want* a dead mole? (1)

3. *When did you last bring your dog a gift, for him and him alone?*

- (a) Last week? (1)
- (b) Only at Christmas? (2)
- (c) Never? (3)

4. *You and he are out for a walk alone. Suddenly you fall into a fast-running river. Does he:*

- (a) Think "Another perfectly good walk ruined!" and make briskly for home? (3)
- (b) Race off downstream to a place where he knows he can scoop you out with a paw? (2)
- (c) Plunge in and join enthusiastically in this amusing new game? (1)

5. *He is lying in a dark passage and you accidentally tread on his paw. Does he:*

- (a) Apologize extravagantly for leaving his paw in such a silly place? (1)
- (b) Give you a look of deepest loathing and lurch off in search of the R.S.P.C.A.? (3)
- (c) Make very little of it unless someone is looking at him, when his leg will buckle pathetically? (2)

6. *You urge your dog on to investigate an interesting-looking rabbit hole. Does he:*

- (a) Sit up and beg appealingly? (1)
- (b) Lie down and look for thorns in his paws? (3)
- (c) Dive in and come out ten seconds later with a bitten ear? (2)

7. *What is your dog's idea of a really decent way of passing the time?*

- (a) Performing tricks—especially Dying For Master? (1)
- (b) Carrying the newspaper home and wittily refusing to part with it once he's there? (2)
- (c) Eating everything he can lay paws on unless it happens to be in a bowl marked "Dog"? (3)

8. *You are taking your dog for a ride in the car. Does he:*

- (a) Cower in the back seat, flinching nervously every time you overtake? (2)
- (b) See how far out of the window he can lean without actually falling out? (1)
- (c) Go to sleep, waking up just in time to be sick? (3)

9. *You and your dog get on well in your own home. When in public, however, does he?*

- (a) Drop to the floor at your lightest word, writhing in an agony of fear? (2)
- (b) Take no notice of anything you say, but obey implicitly anyone else's order? (1)
- (c) Take possession of the chair nearest the fire, and snarl sharply at anyone who approaches? (3)

*If you have 10 to 15 points:*

You undoubtedly possess the undying devotion of your dog. He will happily lay down his life for you, share with you every goody that comes his way, obey your slightest wish. Unfortunately he is a complete bird-brain.

*If you have 15 to 25 points:*

You and your dog have a very wonderful relationship. Not perhaps the sparkling, glittering tenderness that was there when you first met, but a real and worthy thing, nevertheless. Unfortunately he is a dead bore.

*If you have 25 to 30 points:*

Your dog is in love, all right—with himself. All he wants for his birthday is a hound-sized looking-glass. He simply regards you as something that is tall enough to reach into the food cupboard. Unfortunately he is the only dog round here with a spark of common sense.



# COLD SPELL

*at St. Moritz brings  
out the skiers and  
bobbers in the  
resort's bleakest  
snap for years*



*The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, who started racing last year, adjusts a fellow bopper's helmet*

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRODRICK HALDANE



*Squadron-Leader Colin Mitchell, last season's British World Champion on the Cresta Run*



*Viscount Bledisloe, president of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, and Mrs. Catherine Bray*



*The British team's truck brings one of the bobsleighs and its team up from the finishing line at the end of a run*



*Baroness Thyssen, who is wintering in St. Moritz.  
Right: Sir Charles Taylor, M.P., and Lady  
(William) Montagu-Pollock, wife of the  
British Ambassador to Switzerland*



ately in the small hours of the morning. Then they had to come many miles over icebound mountain passes through completely desolate moorland.

I've been told that Patrick performed many feats of daring as the flames lit up the mountains. He first supervised the almost-calm evacuation to the frozen lawn of Oonagh's large, highly heterogeneous and very sleepy house-party—no small feat in itself. Then, disregarding the explosions from dozens of stored champagne bottles (Veuve Clicquot, 1947), he rescued those sentimental objects—photograph albums, family pictures, the visitors' book—which no amount of insurance money could ever have replaced.

I wasn't in Ireland at the time. In fact, it wasn't for a couple of months that I saw ruined Luggala, and it was the strangest of many strange visits there. I was entertaining an American friend, Mrs. Helen Hoke Watts, a voluble and tireless publisher from Manhattan who had shown me the sights of New York when I was over there. I was now doing the same for her in Dublin.

After two days at the pace at which Helen does things there was just about nothing left to see in town—we had run the whole gamut from the Guinness factory (whence came the Luggala wealth) to Sybil Connolly. It was a warm and lovely Sunday, so I suggested a drive into the purple Wicklow Mountains, an habitual destination on warm and lovely Sundays of Dubliners of all ages. To this Helen agreed.

We climbed 1,600 feet to Sallygap, following the road which the fire engines had taken, and Mullagheleevaun soared another 1,000 feet above us. And then, as we drove over heathery highlands, I began to

tell Helen about Luggala, the entrance to which we were now approaching, though on no horizon was there the smallest sign of any human habitation.

"It belongs," I said, "to Oonagh Lady Oranmore & Browne." (Oonagh is now married to Miguel Ferreras, but this was four years ago.)

"Wait!" said Helen. "Is that two people, or three?"

"One," I replied, and briefly explained certain intricacies of the peerage. "She was born a Guinness, and her father gave her Luggala as a birthday present."

"Guinness was good for her," said Helen, which wasn't bad for an American.

The hidden valley which comprises Oonaghland was now coming into view. To the right of the main road, which has now become a kind of Irish *Grande Corniche*, is a low stone wall; beyond it, there is a spectacular drop of several hundred feet, with the

great black lough filling all the valley, and (just visible from the road, a white speck in the trees) the house itself, in a world of its own, entirely severed from external civilization. Another half-mile, and I stopped the car at the two stone gateposts, and the open white gate, and the black sign which bears in bold white letters the single word LUGGALA.

"May we go and look at it?" asked Helen.

"It will be deserted and abandoned," I said. "But we can drive down if you like. Oonagh is in Paris."

The two-mile drive hairpinned precipitously into the valley, and I told Helen about the frenetic all-night parties which ended at the lakeside at dawn; about the six-course dinner-parties for 20 or 30 guests, who might range from Brendan Behan through Gregory Peck to the local horse-thief, when each course would be served on solid silver plates; about the night the marquee collapsed; about the night the *marquis* collapsed. Also about Patrick Cummins.

"Patrick is unshakable," I said. "If Oonagh tells him, an hour before dinner, that another dozen guests are arriving, he has a stock reply: *Very, very good, m'lady*. In fact, that's his reply to everything."

The house was now beginning to come into view. At first, we could not tell there had been a fire, but then, as we came nearer, we could see that the windows were blackened and empty, the roof gone altogether, the blue sky through the windows.

I pulled up at the charred ruins of the front door and the desolation was complete. Luggala, except for its waterfall, was as silent as a tomb. Rubble, torn and scorched wallpaper, broken bricks and mortar, burst-open champagne bottles: they littered the interior in a maze of dereliction.

Then we heard someone moving around inside. Helen heard it first. The unmistakable sound of footsteps coming through the ruins towards us.

We held our breath for a moment. And then, out through those charred timbers, inevitably came Patrick, immaculate as ever in his spotless white jacket and perfectly creased trousers, with the benign smile of welcome which I already knew well.

"Good evening, m'lord," he said. "Did you wish to see her ladyship?"

Helen and I looked speechlessly at one another. But Patrick assured us that her ladyship was indeed at home. She had flown over from Paris for the day—the most natural thing in the world—to take out her youngest son, Tara, from school.

"They are at present taking tea in one of the cow-sheds," Patrick stated. "It has been converted for the occasion. Would you care to join them?"

"Yes," I said.

"Very, very good, m'lord; will you just step this way?"

LORD KILBRACKEN

## Tea at Luggala

PATRICK CUMMINS, I'd better begin by saying, is the most imperturbable butler in the world. He has to be, at Luggala.

Luggala today again stands gaily against its familiar wild backcloth of waterfall and forest in a crevice of the Wicklow Mountains. White and castellated as it was before the fire, it presides once more over the black lough with its unexpected beach of yellow sand, the steep wooded mountainside to the left, the great craggy precipice to the right.

When Patrick, in his spotless white jacket and perfectly creased trousers, opens the door to you, you can hardly believe that it was all a blackened ruin only four years ago. Now, even the wallpaper is the same as it was before.

The night Luggala burned down, the fire engines arrived just as the fun was ending. It had been hard to contact them anyway, since the Roundwood telephone exchange, like many in Ireland, stops working at 10 p.m., and the fire broke out inconsider-



# The American's London



## 3 tastes in fashion

... presented by three elegant American women (pictured below) who have made their homes in London. Their tastes vary from the sophisticated

and cosmopolitan to the home-grown and out-of-doors. But each has an instinctive flair for the clothes that suit her best, as proved by the wardrobes photographed on the following pages by David Olins



Mrs. Charles Sweeney



Lady Ogilvy



Fleur Cowles Meyer

### 3 tastes in fashion continued



Typical of the easy clothes that Fleur Cowles likes to wear is the middy suit she bought from Dior some years back. Here in the original rose coloured silk, the plain skirt topped with a flowering toning print, the suit has since been copied by her dressmaker in almost every fabric, including dark grey flannel and—for evening—satin, white for the top, black for the skirt. Beautiful fabrics in unusual off-beat colours are a passion with Miss Cowles, she buys them wherever she travels but always with a clear idea as to how she will have them made up

*Opposite:* Madrid's Elio Berhanyer made this  $\frac{7}{8}$ -coat with the black paper taffeta rose fastenings. Beneath it is a white silk jersey blouse with a low cowed back. The huge pear-shaped baroque pearl by Fabergé with diamond leaves comes from her collection of antique & modern jewellery. Miss Cowles also designs some of her own jewellery. On her feet are American white satin shoes with diamanté toecaps. Many of her shoes come from Spain where they are hand-made to her own design in leathers and brocades to tone with her clothes

#### 1. **Fleur Cowles** (Mrs. Tom Montague Meyer) author, journalist and traveller, has a flat in

Albany and a farmhouse not far from London. She has a highly personal approach to fashion, makes her own rules and refuses to be dictated to. If she likes a certain dress or suit she will have it made up in a variety of fabrics ("I could not exist without a good private dressmaker") rating the age of a design unimportant so long as the style is right. Her tastes are cosmopolitan. She shops at the Jaeger Boutique in Regent Street for things like blouses, buys largely from Balenciaga in Spain and praises the work of a new young Spanish designer, 25-year-old former shepherd Elio Berhanyer. She buys too from Griffe in Paris ("they will listen to your suggestions there"), gets suits from Mainbocher on her visits to New York and buys accessories, including some of her shoes, from the shops along Fifth Avenue









### 3 tastes in fashion

continued

2. **Mrs. Charles Sweeny** finds that life in London (she has a large comfortable flat in South Audley Street) has altered her outlook on clothes. The slim-fitting décolleté little black dress fits naturally into the clear-cut lines and angles of American interiors and skylines, but for the diffused, misty English atmosphere she chooses dresses in warm colours like orange-crimson in light woollens that usually forgo low necklines. Her chosen designer is Givenchy from whom she takes each season a few carefully planned and expensive ensembles that can be worn equally well in the West End or in country houses. She relies, too, on a good dressmaker, picks up off-the-peg summer dresses and buys her shoes (fitting 8½ AAA) on trips to New York



Opposite page: Mrs. Sweeny picked a Paris toile, had it copied by Fortnum & Mason in mandarin yellow and silver brocade, quilted and lined with matching yellow silk. Underneath it is a black silk chiffon short evening dress by Givenchy. *Left:* Black silk chiffon falls in two floating panels from the shoulders to the waist of Givenchy's deceptively simple dress. The jewels are modern chased golden roses set with diamonds. *Top right:* Again by Givenchy (he is also Mrs. Sweeny's milliner), an easy-fitting unbelted day coat in alabaster and black checked tweed with his alabaster turban and gloves. *Right:* Companion to the coat, a rough cinnamon tweed dress with two buttoned pockets at the waistline. With her brown colouring and olive skin, Mrs. Sweeny is able to wear brilliant, glowing colours and Givenchy has also made her an emerald green silk strapless dress. She likes long evening dresses for country house weekends, and Irish designer Sybil Connolly has made her one with a full red flannel skirt worn with a white lawn blouse and a voluminous soft woollen shawl





Lady Ogilvy has a straightforward, open-air approach to fashion. The clothes on these pages, worn by a model, clearly illustrate her point of view. This charcoal and light grey striped bouclé tweed suit is by Mary Quant who designs many of the clothes at Bazaar. A collarless oyster silk shirt with a finely tucked "bib" is worn with it. The suit costs 39 gns. (in light or dark grey flannel, 29 gns.), the shirt, 7½ gns. Her particular favourites at Bazaar in Chelsea and Knightsbridge are little middy suits—included, too, among her likes are Susan Small and Polly Peck ready-to-wear clothes



3. **Lady Ogilvy** (left) wife of Lord Ogilvy, son & heir to the Earl of Airlie, and mother of four small children has no time to spare for long fittings at couturiers. Her slim figure and easy measurements make it simple for her to find attractive ready-made clothes in London but cocktail dresses are a problem—"they're usually so fussy." She buys tailor-mades at Harrods and the Hardy Amies Boutique, often finds "wonderful things" at Bazaar in Chelsea and Knightsbridge. Woolland's and Simpson's are also among her favourites. Belinda Bellville is one of the few people who make for her but she also has a private dressmaker. She hates wearing hats, likes English high-fashion shoes but disapproves heartily of the national predilection for peep-toes





One choice for evening is a short dress from Woolland's in printed brown, green and white nylon. It has a ruched bodice, swathed cummerbund and a very full skirt over white net and taffeta underskirts, both mounted on a stiff foundation. Price: 16 gns. (also in other colours). Lady Ogilvy has most of her long evening dresses made for her privately, taking the view that "there are so few good ones ready-made, and those you see everywhere." She thinks English clothes have improved enormously in the eight years she has lived here but still hates to see women dressed in shapeless tweed skirts and clumping white summer shoes that make their feet look enormous

**3** *tastes in fashion*  
concluded

## A FUND FOR FRÉJUS

INA BANDY photographs the Paris art auction  
which raised more than £80,000 for flood victims



M. Léotard, Mayor of Fréjus



Pictures and prices, from left: Rouault's *Miserere* fetched £3,000, Picasso's *Tête de Taureau et Broc* over £10,000 and Miro's *Femmes, Oiseaux et Etoiles* just under



PAINTINGS DONATED BY PICASSO (HIS was the original idea) formed the nucleus of the fabulous art collection auctioned at the Galerie Charpentier in aid of the 2,285 families made homeless by the Fréjus flood disaster. All the great names of modern French art were represented in the 2½ hour sale during which Maître Rheims (right) auctioned works by Miro, Chagall, Rouault, Braque, Buffet, Giacometti and Manessier. Two Picassos were bought for a total of £20,000 by M. Henri Kahnweiler (left), the artist's business agent for more than 50 years. The cheque for the full amount of £81,000 handed to the Mayor of







11 Picasso, held up during the bidding, was painted in 1938 and auctioned by Maître Rheims for nearly £10,000



Fréjus, M. Lécotard—no fees were deducted by the auctioneer or the gallery's director, M. Nacenta (left)—included an outright donation by Max Ernst of his 5,000 franc *Prix National des Arts*. The sale, first of a series sponsored by the magazine *Arts* in which 600 canvases are to be auctioned, had a tense, first-night atmosphere occasioned not only by the spontaneous gesture of France's great moderns but also by the fact that rarely, even in Paris, is such a representative selection of their work to be seen together in one place. Face in the crowd (right) is that of art enthusiast Baroness Elie de Rothschild





## VERDICTS

*The play.* **A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN.** Arts Theatre (Michael Aldridge, Margaret Whiting, Laidlaw Dalling.)

*The films.* **PLEASE TURN OVER.** Director Gerald Thomas. (Ted Ray, Jean Kent, Julia Lockwood, Joan Sims.)

**JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.** Director Henry Levin. (James Mason, Pat Boone.)

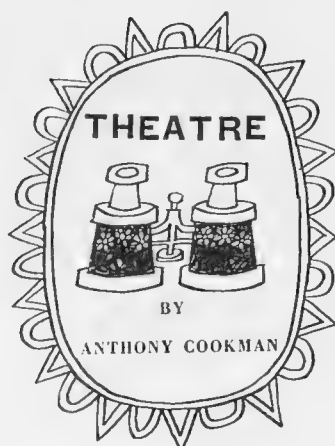
**WAITING WOMEN.** Director Ingmar Bergman. (Anita Bjork, Eva Dahlbeck, Maj-Britt Nilsson.)

**THE BOYARS' PLOT.** Director S. M. Eisenstein. (Nicolai Cherkasov, Mikhail Zhrov, Serafima Birman.)

**GREEK SCULPTURE.** Directors Basil Wright & Michael Ayrton.

*The books.* **GREAT CONTEMPORARIES** and **MY EARLY LIFE** by Winston Churchill (Fontana Books, 5s. each). **PLACE OF SHADOWS** by Kage Booton (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.). **MEMOIRS** by Alexandre Benois (Chatto & Windus, 30s.).

*The records.* **LESTER YOUNG MEMORIAL ALBUM—VOL. 2.** **PRES & TEDDY** by Lester Young & Teddy Wilson. **MR. WILSON & MR. GERSHWIN** by Teddy Wilson. **AN EVENING WASTED WITH TOM LEHRER.**



### Another slice of O'Neill

THE POLICY OF THE ARTS THEATRE of supplying London with intelligent and out-of-the-way plays has wavered disturbingly in recent months, but with the production of *A Moon For The Misbegotten* it is conspicuously back again on its own proper line. Before he died, Eugene O'Neill, whose popularity had ebbed, began a series of highly personal dramas based, as though by some inner compulsion, on his own tragic home life as the son of a famous but wayward Irish actor.

One of these, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, has shared with *The Iceman Cometh* enormous posthumous renown both inside and outside of America. *A Moon For The Misbegotten* is less directly auto-

biographical, but the leading male character is a Tyrone (O'Neill's name for his father's family), he is an alcoholic and a debauchee, and what is burning him up is a secret sense of guilt springing from the desecration of his mother's memory.

This piece is never likely to become as well thought of as other plays in the group to which it belongs. It suffers technically from not discovering early enough what it is going to be about. O'Neill goes back to the barren, stony Connecticut farm in which the hours of *Desire Under The Elms* took their unhallowed course, and seems half-minded to use the stark setting for a rollicking Irish comedy about a miserly, shifty father scheming to marry off his virago daughter to the middle-aged drunk who owns the farm. And good rich comedy it is while it lasts.

The daughter is a gigantic young woman weighing 150 pounds with a fist that all the men about the place, including her father, take good care to dodge. She is known throughout the neighbourhood for her Herculean sexual prowess and cheerfully accepts her bad reputation. The old man pretends to be drunk in order to give her the notion that the Broadway rake, who owns the farm and whom she secretly loves, has broken his word to them and intends to sell the farm over their heads for a fancy price to a rich neighbour who will show them no mercy. Indignantly she falls in with a plan to decoy the drunk to her bed and

expose him to a shotgun marriage.

All this makes good peasant comedy, with the crafty and touchy father and daughter playing their parts with Irish quickness of humour and charm. At the comedy's critical point, however, O'Neill, driven by an overwhelming autobiographical urge, drops it and begins to rough hew a sort of idyll out of the dupe's miseries and the girl's frustration.

On the moonlit steps of the shack he convinces her that he alone has perceived that she has only pretended to be a harlot because she wrongly believes that she is undesirable, and that she is in fact a virgin. Her love for him, the love of a woman for a man, is released by this gentle revelation,

but gradually she becomes aware that, so far as physical love goes, the Broadway rake is, emotionally speaking, dead. He hates those who share his need for it.

To him the Titaness is a figure of great beauty because she is, he divines, capable of a love transcending his sordid Broadway indulgences. And slowly and sadly she comes to understand that what this guilt-sickened child wants of her is only understanding and forgiveness for his crime against his dead mother; and the considerable poignancy of the long scene is that she is in the end happy that it should be so. When it is over O'Neill resumes, a little unpersuasively, the unfinished comedy of the father as a grimy Cupid with benevolent matrimonial

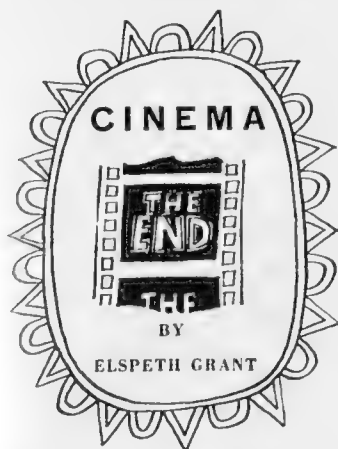


A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT: Unusual powers of expressing internal conflict are demanded by Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical play. Above: James Tyrone, Jnr. (Michael Aldridge), the drink-sodden rake, and Josie Hogan (Margaret Whiting) the farmer's freak daughter. The play leads up to their romance



plans for his unmarriageable daughter.

The unequal yet at times powerfully moving piece is extremely well played at the Arts Theatre. Miss Margaret Whiting has, of course, to act the undesirability of the heroine and this she does more successfully in the early comic scenes than when the play turns serious. Mr. Michael Aldridge handles the self-pitying wreck of a man tactfully and effectively; and Mr. Colin Blakely is first-rate as the scheming farmer whose mind works so crookedly that he can hardly follow it himself.



## Miss Lockwood (Jnr.) does a Sagan

THE GENTLEMEN RESPONSIBLE FOR *arry On, Nurse*, a thunderingly vulgar piece which arrived, with a great clatter of bedpans, at the top of last year's popularity polls, and *arry On, Teacher*, a teenagers' romp with a sniggering sideline in sex which you could not birch me into seeing again, have apparently been able to check their own tendency to go too far. The gentlemen handling the advertising of their latest product, *Please Turn Over*, have made no attempt to do so.

The claim that this picture is "so juicy it SIZZLES" not only goes too far—it amounts, as near as a

toucher, to downright misrepresentation. No doubt they know their job, and it may be that this wink-and-dig-in-the-ribs tone is necessary to lure the prurient masses into the cinema: it would be a great pity, though, if it were to keep the pure in heart away—for the film, based on the play *Book Of The Month* by Basil Thomas, is as unsuggestive as it is entertaining.

Miss Julia Lockwood, Miss Margaret Lockwood's pleasing daughter, gives an excellent account of herself as a hairdresser's apprentice who, in her spare time, writes a novel which shakes to its smug foundations the sunny suburb where she lives. Miss Lockwood has a lurid imagination but no gift for creating original characters, so she bundles into her book her father (Mr. Ted Ray), her mother (Miss Jean Kent), her aunt (Miss June Jago), the local doctor (Mr. Leslie Phillips), her father's secretary (Miss Dilys Laye), an old friend of the family (Mr. Lionel Jeffries), the maid (Miss Joan Sims), and herself—involving all in a teenager's vision of sin.

This gives everybody a chance to appear in a dual rôle—first as themselves, respectable and ordinary, and then as presented by the young authoress, wicked, wanton and steeped to the gills in sex and alcohol. It is all extraordinarily funny—a blithe burlesque of the kind of sensational best-seller that ends up on the screen with an "X" Certificate—and it is, refreshingly, as innocent as the grass is green.

Mr. James Mason, preserving, goodness knows how, a perfectly straight face, leads the unlikely expedition in *Journey To The Centre Of The Earth*—a very odd version of the Jules Verne story. The party comprises himself, Mr. Pat Boone, Miss Arlene Dahl, in flowing skirts and a fetching hat, a whacking great Iceland (Herr Peter Ronson), and a tame duck.

Equipped as for a picnic on Hampstead Heath, they plunge into the crater of an extinct volcano in

Iceland and down a dark tunnel which leads them, via salt mines, bubbling springs, forests of giant mushrooms and monster-haunted strands to a subterranean ocean and the lost continent of Atlantis. It is pretty rough going—with an occasional break for tea and a song from Mr. Boone every now and then to cheer them along—and one wonders how they are ever to return to the earth's surface.

It is quite simple, really. All they have to do is wait until a dormant volcano erupts—to spew them up, unharmed and not even slightly singed, on the shores of the Mediterranean. It could scarcely be more hilarious if it tried—only one has the impression that it wasn't intended to be. The one thing I can't forgive is Mr. Boone's rendering of "My love is like a red, red rose"—set to a shabby Tin-pan Alley tune.

In Herr Ingmar Bergman's *Waiting Women*, the Swedish director shows not only his usual grasp of the complexity of the human heart but an unexpected flair for rollicking comedy as well.

While waiting for their husbands to arrive from Stockholm, four wives at a Swedish summer resort talk of marriage, of love affairs long past, of student days in Paris—nostalgically and painfully remembered. The gathering gloom is suddenly dispelled by Froken Eva Dahlbeck, who recalls how she and her pompous husband, from whom she felt herself quietly drifting away, were brought together in humorous affection through being, of all things, trapped one night in a lift. Froken Dahlbeck is an actress of exceptional charm—and though the film is not one of Herr Bergman's best her tender and amused performance is well worth seeing.

*The Boyar's Plot*, the second film of a trilogy (uncompleted) based by the eminent Russian director, Eisenstein, on the life of Ivan the Terrible, is a tremendous and enthralling work of cinematic

*continued overleaf*



NAVAL OCCASION: One of the most dramatic episodes of the war is retold in the forthcoming *Sink The Bismarck*. Top: Kenneth More as a director of naval operations. Centre: The navigating officer of the "Prince of Wales" (Edward Judd). Above: Captain Lindemann (Carl Mohnert) captain of the *Bismarck*

# LANCÔME

SCULPTURALE—SERUM NECK CREAM

REJUVENATES THE WHOLE APPEARANCE OF YOUR NECK.

TOPAZE—MOISTURISING LOTION

YOUR NECK WILL REACT LIKE A WATERSTARVED PLANT TO SPRING RAIN.

EMPREINTE DE BEAUTÉ—BEAUTY MASK

WHITENS—TIGHTENS AND SMOOTHS NECK WRINKLES.

GALATEIS SOAP—WITH SPECIAL INGREDIENTS FOR NECK BEAUTY.

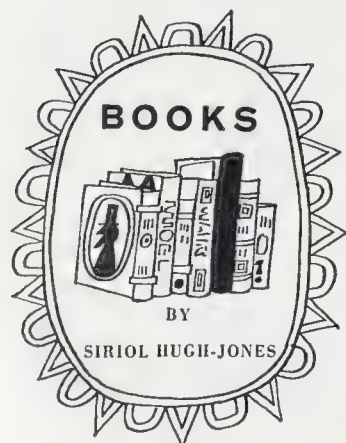
YOUR SPECIAL NECK TREATMENT



genius. The Tsar, magnificently played by Nicolai Cherkasov, a hawk-faced, sombre figure, broods on his boyhood, his murdered mother, and the constant threat of insurrection among his nobles.

From solemn black and white, superbly used, the film flashes into colour in a banquet scene, glowing in orange and red—wonderfully impressive—and the music of Prokofiev sweeps the slow-marching drama to its terrible climax with almost operatic effect. In every frame of this mighty film, in every set and costume and in the composition of every scene, one sees the hand of a superlative master

Of the short film, *Greek Sculpture*, made by Messrs. Basil Wright and Michael Ayrton and splendidly photographed in Eastman Colour by Mr. Adrian Jeakins, I can only say that it is quite breath-takingly beautiful—and that I shall long remember it with awe and gratitude.



## Sir Winston is irresistible

TWO OF THE MOST ASTONISHING books I have read this week are certainly not new—only to me, and I came upon them belatedly, in paperback. They are called *Great Contemporaries* and *My Early Life*, and the author of both is Winston S. Churchill. *My Early Life* is one of the most spirited, enchanting books imaginable, written—in 1930—with all the zest and speed of a first-rate adventure story, which indeed it is. Its formidable author emerges as an ebullient, steely, amused and wholly irresistible person, someone for whom each new day offered a thousand fascinating surprises. The story ends when he married in 1908 and lived happily ever after, and begins with his memories of Ireland at around the age of five. At this time he missed a promised visit to the pantomime because a fire destroyed not only the theatre but the manager, of whom nothing remained but his bunch of keys.

"We were promised as a consolation for not going to the pantomime to go next day and see the ruins of the building. I wanted very much to see the keys, but this request does not seem to have been well received."

The author remained in the lowest form at Harrow for many a long year, learning English while the cleverer boys went on to learn "Latin and Greek and splendid things like that." The Headmaster gave him special Latin coaching and visibly suffered when his pupil came to serious and frequent grief with the Ablative Absolute. "I remember that later on Mr. Asquith used to have just the same sort of look on his face when I sometimes adorned a Cabinet discussion by bringing out one of my few but faithful Latin quotations. It was more than annoyance; it was a pang." I adore this book.

Mindful of his enforced early grounding in English composition, Mr. Churchill's book of what would now be called Profiles—*Great Contemporaries*, first published in 1937—is written in a mixture of economical directness and the most splendid and stirring rhetoric. These portraits (and it comes as usual as a shock to remember that not only Hitler and Roosevelt but also the Kaiser and Joseph Chamberlain are the author's contemporaries) are brilliantly judged and illumined by a tremendous, glowing generosity of spirit. Here there is no rancour, no malice, no pettiness, no slyness. (There is also, for those strong enough to bear even further astonishment, a photograph of Joseph Chamberlain looking exactly like Stewart Granger.)

If everyone is not thoroughly over-excited by now, I should like to recommend a little American-Gothick chiller-thriller full of spooks in evening dress, rustlings in the night, claustrophobia, sick headaches, a sexy, simple-minded maid-servant who wears a white flower in her pony-tail, and a motherless seven-year-old with a magic gift for the piano. It's called *Place of Shadows*, by Kage Booton, which is still my favourite name in fiction, and it's one of those family-house-party ones where Death Strikes Again in almost every chapter, a dead angel is revealed as no such thing, and the homeless, friendless female narrator is driven nearly insane by the worry and beastliness of it all. Why it is that women are so much better than men at damp-fingered horror is something I don't like to look into too closely.

Alexandre Benois, painter and great ballet-designer, is a legend, a marvel, and quite clearly a darling. He is now 90, his grandfather designed the old and the present Bolshoi theatres, one of his grand-

mothers died in 1830, his niece is Nadia Benois, his grand-nephew Peter Ustinov, and he himself was the youngest of a distinguished, loving, united, and extraordinarily artistically talented family.

At this astonishing age he has written a book of *Memoirs* concerning, if you please, the first 20 years of his life in Imperial Russia, remembered with an amazing vividness and detail. Here are the brothers, sisters, uncles, toys, parties, theatres, music, picnics and travels of his childhood and early life put down as though they happened yesterday. What is most remarkable about this adorable book is the sweetness and gentleness that colour every paragraph. It is funny, tender, infinitely loving, full of delight and gratitude for a very remarkable life indeed. (Sometimes, what with the swarming near and distant relatives, the quicksilver happiness and the intense brilliance of memory, it seems a little like some aristocratic Russian *Cider with Rosie—Champagne with Lidochka*, maybe.) But what a memory, how bright an eye, how marvellous a life, how generous a heart!



## Swinging with the 'Pres'

WHENEVER I HEAR A LESTER YOUNG solo I get the feeling that he is playing, partly to himself, partly with the band, a sort of musical game of "dares." When the band is Count Basie's the results must be exciting, demanding, and compelling to the ear. Such are the musical ingredients for the second volume of *Lester Young's Memorial Album* (TFL 5065). I wonder how many people are really familiar with these classic pieces which date back to the days when most gramophone records lasted less than three minutes per side—precious moments which had to be packed with all the features you now hear spun out over a 10-minute track. It may seem absurd that a then 30-year-old tenor saxophonist should today

become the object of attention in the context of this well-established band, whose work was known and approved by the critics at the time the records were made.

The fact is that Lester Young's early work was ignored by most people in the late 30's, misunderstood by the rest. It is a sobering thought that Young himself once said, in reminiscing mood: "They all wanted me to play like Hawkins, so I quit the job"! He was referring to his brief spell with Fletcher Henderson, considered one of the plum jobs in the jazz world. Anyone who heard him at the time thought he was talking a different language, because he dropped the emotional vibrato and breathy intonation adopted by Hawkins and his school of tenor players. Instead he employed a harder round tone, and a supple style, almost devoid of vibrato. He still belonged to the swing era, developing his solos along the melodic line, with scarcely a suggestion of the chromatic attack on the harmonies which was the stock-in-trade of Bird and Dizzy less than a decade later.

"Pres," (short for President) as Young became nicknamed, was never happier than in a swinging set, even in his later days when he was made to play in all sorts of relatively uncongenial company. That is why I was so pleased to hear him on a newly released album *Pres & Teddy* (CLP 1302) where he is accompanied by pianist Teddy Wilson. This gives one an ideal combination of two strongly melodic styles, a proportionately advanced harmonic approach, and a joint capacity for everlasting swing. Nearly 20 years separate this session from the Basie recordings, but the same knife-sharp approach carves distinctly into the tunes. Only the vigour is regrettably diminished, as if a portent of the abrupt end which Lester's career was to suffer in March last year.

I have seldom heard Teddy Wilson play better; he has become an institution in jazz, ever since those far-off days when he formed one quarter of the Goodman Quartet, and played a major rôle in Billie Holiday's greatest recording dates. Is it any wonder that he sometimes grows nostalgic, as in *Mr. Wilson & Mr. Gershwin* (BBL 7344)? Like Hines, he boasts a swinging bass, lyricism unlimited, and a capacity for moulding new beauty into well-tried themes.

Seasonal festivities caused me to spend an evening listening to Tom Lehrer's latest record (LK 4332). It was not, as its title implies, *An evening wasted!* any more than Basie's stereo release *One more time* (SCX 3284) earned it a mere single spin on my turntable!



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## This look is a natural

BY JEAN CLELAND

CURRENT TALK IN THE SALONS IS about the natural look, which is what we must aim at if we want the latest fashion in make-up and hair-styles.

This sounds too easy for words and there is of course a catch in it. It does not, as the word implies, mean taking less trouble with the appearance, and leaving the skin, hair and figure to their own devices. If this were so, the result for most of us would be far from happy.

The word natural when applied to the looks is deceptive—except in the case of the very young. Only the woman with naturally curly hair, a radiant complexion, and a figure that never puts on an ounce, can afford to take it literally.

For the majority, the natural look is achieved with considerable care and skill. It means taking extra trouble with the skin, in order to make it as flawless as possible. It means a light non-concealing make-up close to the natural skin tones. Lastly, it means sleek and shining hair that will show to advantage with a style that is elegant yet simple.

Unless your skin is very fine and smooth, you will find the light make-up hard to wear. With a little extra care, however, this can soon be overcome.

The best and quickest way of refining the skin is to treat it to a good masque once a week. An excellent one for the purpose is *New Masque Frappé* by Dorothy Gray. This not only tightens up any relaxed pores, but improves the colour of the complexion at the same time.

In addition to the masque, the skin must be well nourished with a rich skin food, and given a liberal application of moisturizing cream each day. Pat this in immediately after cleansing and before putting on the foundation cream. The combination of daily nourishment, plus moisture, will do more than anything else to produce a soft, smooth surface.

The next thing is the make-up, which in the case of the natural look must be studied carefully. Those with a young skin and natural colour can do with little else but a spot of *No-Shine* (Elizabeth Arden's) to keep the nose matt

and free from shine, and a dust of powder. Others will have to use skill to achieve the soft flush of colour that must look as natural as possible. If the skin is inclined to be sallow this is not easy, but it can be done.

Brisk patting with tonic, morning and evening, after the face has been cleansed, is the most effective treatment for improving the colour of the complexion. The weekly masque helps, but the patting is essential. By encouraging the circulation, it brings the blood to the surface and makes it flow more freely through the veins. Done regularly it gradually banishes sallowness and brings about a great and natural improvement.

In spite of this, the complexion may need a little extra colour to bring it to perfection. The best way of achieving this is to use a foundation cream with a soft pink or rose tint. This gives an underlying glow to the skin, after which only a touch of cream rouge—softened with a spot of cleansing cream to enable it to blend smoothly into the skin—is needed to complete the make-up.

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# COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



DISCRIMINATING Americans, among them Fleur Cowles (see pages 202-3), go to the Jaeger Boutique in Regent Street where the clothes are mostly designed by Jean Muir—a young designer with a flair for uncluttered and highly fashionable casual clothes—other designs there are French and Italian. The Boutique grew with the expansion of the store and has a large selection of short evening dresses, day and evening casual clothes, short and long evening skirts and evening coats—all can be made to order at no extra charge in other fabrics, some of which are imported from France and Italy. Hats, gloves and scarves can also be found here. The French white scarf blooms with pink magnolias and green leaves, and from many shaded pure silk double chiffon squares, the one shown is in blue: both 4½ gns. White cashmere sweater with bands of tucked satin at neck and sleeves: 9 gns. Cropped white leather gloves: 4½ gns.

TRAVELLING Americans in search of perfection go to Liberty's Treasure Shop. The carved antique ivory jar (lid with two-sided face not shown), costs 15 gns. They also have objets d'art, modern porcelain, papier mâché, wallpaper hangings, jade and jewellery. In the Treasure Shop is a boutique with an Oriental flavour which has exclusive models either



Oriental or copies of French originals—others are designed there. Many are in brilliant Thai silk which also comes by the yard. Hand-finished silk suits, day and evening dresses and separates can all be made to order in varying colours. Casual jackets in Chinese and Indian materials cost 6½ gns., Thai silk blouses and evening coats from 8 gns., and 38 gns., evening dresses from 20 gns., skirts from 12 gns., Chinese satin blouses and skirts from 8 gns., and 10 gns.

London is deftly mapped by Sheila Chichester in her London Fashion Guide which is a source of realistic information for transatlantic and other visiting shoppers. It encompasses stores, shops, beauty salons, a gourmet guide and many detailed and sharply defined maps. Also includes snippets of information such as on-the-spot shoe repairs, clothes pressing and hairdressing at a moment's notice. Everything a woman could possibly want to know about London is inside its winter-white leather cover. 21s. from Smythsons, New Bond Street, & W. H. Smith branches

FAVOURITE HAUNT for Americans in London is Fortnum & Mason who have the black suede Grecian men's slippers with a long squared-off toe, leather soles and heels: £5 15s. 6d. Pigskin blotter has old maps set in the leaves: £14 7s. 6d., also in other leathers with prints of London Cries and London scenes. The pigskin passport wallet holds currency, landing tickets, etc., £7 13s. 6d. Departments deal with overseas inquiries at Fortnum's and work out value in dollars (sterling and export prices are clearly marked on goods) which can be paid in dollars or by traveller's cheque. Goods, including spirits, can be sent to customers' homes or to await them at their point of departure.



TRANSATLANTIC visitor admire Simpsons in Piccadilly and American-born Lady Ogilvy (see page 206-7) also shops there. Continental import is the Italian mosaic printed cotton shirt in yellows and browns or greens and red: price: £9 19s. 6d. Designers with visitors, especially Americans, in mind is the Cashmere Shop & Expo.

Lounge where currency formalities, passports and dispatch instructions are efficiently and peacefully sorted out. The Cashmere Shop has a vast collection of jackets, sweaters and coats, all at export prices.

Copies of Paris and Italian couture are at Woollands Boutique—Balenciaga, Givenchy, Guy Laroche, Simonetta and others—and some Swiss models (mostly Marty). Prices start at about 38 gns. for day and evening clothes. The Boutique is the result of Woollands enterprise and is packed with beautiful clothes for the truly chic. Sizes range from 10-16. Original fabrics from the Collections are used and there is no made-to-measure service.



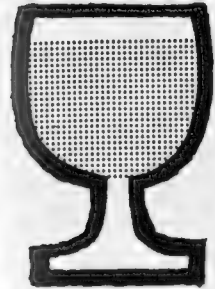
CHINA FANCIERS from America make for Goodes in South Audley Street. This china is a seven-piece place setting by Crown Derby in brilliant red, blue and gold on white. £18 9s., here; £17 4s. 4d. for export. All Goodes china is marked with both prices.



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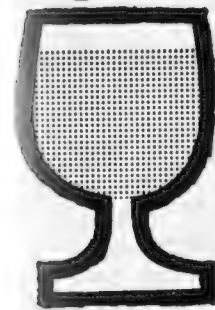
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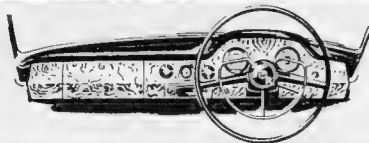
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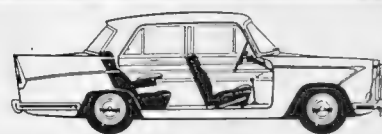
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# MOTORING

BY GORDON WILKINS

## Sense about snow

WINTER ARRIVES, AND WITH IT THE familiar headline: *Snow Brings Traffic Chaos*. Bad enough if remote mountain roads are closed by snow, but on Britain's lowland roads, carrying the heaviest traffic in the world, such headlines are a poor advertisement for our ability to get things done.

We now have a number of fast modern Swiss rotary ploughs which can travel to trouble spots at 35 m.p.h., cut up deep packed snow and hurl it away into the fields. The few big ones get rid of it at the rate of 1,500 tons an hour. Two of these are normally stationed at Shap. Smaller ones handle 800 tons an hour. We also have a larger number of V-bladed ploughs to push the snow to the roadside, but we need still more. One Continental authority reckons that a blade-type plough is needed for every four miles of motorway, supplemented by a selection of rotary ploughs and small blowers to clear junctions and bridges. The bladed ploughs should be used three or four abreast to clear motorways and singly on ordinary roads.

To keep all our main trunk roads clear would require a costly fleet of ploughs, but failure to do so also costs money. Some American authorities, with a practical cynicism which should appeal to the British Treasury, balance the cost of snow clearance against the revenue lost in petrol tax when traffic is brought to a standstill, and show a handsome profit. In Britain, with petrol tax far higher, the profits would be correspondingly greater.

However, no amount of equipment will clear the roads unless drivers show a little initiative and common sense. Trunk road traffic between London and South Wales was disrupted for about 24 hours recently, partly because so many abandoned vehicles blocked the road that the snow ploughs could not get into action. One police superintendent was bitter about drivers who do nothing to help

themselves. "They just sit in their cabs and expect us to come along and dig them out," he said. And what can one say of the drivers who stole 30 of the 50 shovels provided for grit spreading in another county?

The lack of initiative shown by the modern driver, private or commercial, may perhaps be a result of the welfare state. It may also be due to the ceaseless flow of anti-motoring propaganda in the press, on radio and television. The driver who blocks the road and settles down to wait for the spring is likely to be commended for his caution, but the man who tries to keep moving risks being regarded as a public menace.

Whatever the ordinary driver may do, I confess I was shaken to read that 28 crews had withdrawn from the Monte Carlo Rally when faced with the prospect of bad weather. These people had been accepted by their national automobile clubs after scrutiny of their records and experience as fit representatives of their countries in the premier international winter motoring event. At worst it is easier than it was before the war and the modern competitor has heater, demister and defroster, spiked tyres and other aids which were unknown to prewar competitors.

I wonder how many of the modern competitors of either sex could face conditions similar to those encountered by pre-war drivers like Mrs. Kay Petre, who drove an open car in snow and ice so bad that the tired and half-frozen crew were changing drivers every quarter of an hour. There must be more people than one expected who enter with the object of getting their pictures in the papers before the rally starts.

In good weather the modern Monte Carlo Rally is a thoroughly boring event. It only becomes worth while when the weather is bad. It has been given exaggerated importance by British television

coverage and this has made it more necessary than ever for British cars to win. But we win only occasionally, and worse, we can never say exactly why. The use of secret time controls for eliminating tests makes it impossible for the competitors to check their timekeeping against the official clocks. If you have to stamp your card at an official time control everyone can see the time and there is no argument. But if you learn after the event that a hidden timekeeper at some point unspecified mulcted you of 100 marks for being ahead of or behind time at that point, it cannot be checked, though you may have installed the most elaborate navigation equipment to give you your time and position every yard of the way. So there are always dissatisfied competitors when the results are announced.

It is interesting that until this year, Mercedes had only competed once since the war. They prepared for the event with their usual thoroughness, but got nowhere. Neubauer, their team manager, was used to setbacks in racing, but he persevered and overcame them. He never came back to the Rally. He decided it was too much of a gamble.

\* \* \*

What a revealing incident that was, involving the police officers in the patrol car who stopped to help an elderly motorist change a wheel. Just the kind of action which has made the British police famous. But in the new Britain the police had to be censured because their action might have annoyed the trades unions. These are the people who force the government to charge an old age pensioner income tax on his pension if he makes more than a few shillings by working; who settle strikes on the basis of no victimization and then hound non-strikers out of their jobs. So much for the Century of the Common Man.





## Food on file

BY HELEN BURKE

NEVER DO I GO OUT WITH INTELLIGENT people without returning home with at least one good new idea, more often than not with two or three. One week recently, lunching with three women, I picked up two such good tips that I want to pass them on at once. No doubt I shall remember others, because my companions were those rare people who do all the things that we ourselves hope to do but so seldom get round to.

Two of the women do a great deal of entertaining and keep records of their guests' visits and exactly what foods and wines were served. Both of them keep this intelligence in a card-index file. I thought that

I had done pretty well to keep mine in a loose-leaf indexed book, together with notes as to the dislikes of friends and any foods which were forbidden them, but the file seems to me an improvement.

Over the years these records have helped me much, because in my early days of housekeeping and entertaining I discovered on numerous occasions that someone could not eat this or that. I remember, for instance, when I had a lovely leg of baby lamb, only to find that one of my guests, on medical advice, was off all meat. Fortunately, I had planned sardines on toast for a savoury, so she had the share of three of us in addition to her own, and all was well. Another time, there was a man who was not allowed any condiments in his food. Worst evening of all was when I had prepared a special dinner for an important man, without knowing, until we were seated in the dining-room, that he was a vegetarian and a strict one at that. As I had lots of macaroni and, as always, a supply of tomato purée and cheese on hand, the situation was saved.

Nowadays, when I invite someone for the first time for a meal, I make a point of asking, "Any dislikes?"

The other idea was not quite so simple. One of the ladies remarked that she thought that food was one of the most interesting topics of

conversation. (It is!) It seems that she had been discussing, with a man, the business of making up pleasant menus, when he remarked that if one would only write out 12 of everything—that is, 12 each of hors d'oeuvres, soup, fish, meat, poultry, vegetables, sweets and savouries—there would be such a list of dishes as to make a permutation of them almost as limitless as the Treble Chance. I think the idea is well worth following and I can see that a card index is essential here. One would never be at a loss and ringing the changes would be fun.

The other day, when out in quest of information, lunchtime came and went and two of us suddenly became extremely hungry. What to do? We were a long way from any restaurant. Suddenly, the man in charge of our mission suggested salmon sandwiches. When they arrived—lovely fresh bread generously filled with salmon, surrounded by little triangles of lemon—they looked wonderful. They were wonderful. Canned salmon, of course, but with a little lemon juice worked into it. I cannot remember when I enjoyed a sandwich of any kind so much.

I then recalled that Rinaldo, manager of the old Romano's in the Strand when it was a gourmets' restaurant, once told me that he preferred canned salmon to the

fresh fish. (He also preferred canned asparagus tips and pineapple to the fresh variety.) For the moment I did, too.

This brought to mind that a woman, a gourmet, not a snob, renowned for her delicious *Salmon Mousse*, always made it with the best canned red sockeye salmon which she considered better than the fresh.

Here is the recipe: Flake the salmon from a 7½-oz. can, discarding skin and any bones. Cover about twopenny-worth of sole bones with a small glass of dry white wine and cold water, add a *bouquet garni* and boil for 20 minutes. To each ½ pint of the strained stock, allow a flat teaspoon of the best quality powdered gelatine. Reheat to dissolve it, but do not boil again.

When cold and slightly thickening, add the flaked salmon and a dessertspoon of dryish sherry and beat well together. Whip 3 table-spoons of double cream until it will almost hold a peak and beat it into the *Mousse*. Only then, season to taste. Turn into 4 to 5 small individual moulds (first rinsed with cold water) and leave to set.

An electric emulsifier will make short work of this but it could, of course, be rubbed through a sieve. Left-over cooked fresh salmon can be used in the same way but, until it returns, canned salmon is a wonderful stand-in.



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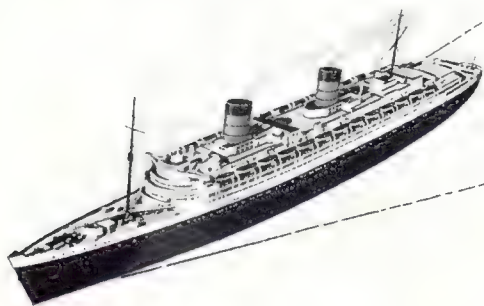
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*All these objects are to be seen at the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, who kindly gave permission to reproduce them here.*



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